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THE
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OF
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LITERALLY TRANSLATED;

COMPRISING ALL THE EPIGRAMS HITHERTO OMITTED BY
ENGLISH TRANSLATORS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN ORIGINAL METRICAL VERSION

AND

COPIOUS EXPLANATORY NOTES.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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ADDRESS TO THE READER.

THE INDEX EXPURGATORIUS OF MARTIAL translated into English!

What unblushing effrontery could have led any person thus to uncover and expose to the vulgar gaze the foul and indecent images that have hitherto been only known to over curious scholars?

By some such objection as this, we anticipate, we may be met on the first perusal of our title page, and we admit that it may be raised by persons who are neither ignorant nor bigoted, for we cannot disguise the fact that the task we have undertaken is apparently neither chaste nor cleanly.

What then, ask the indignant critic, has induced us to publish such a work?

We might be well content to rest our work on the shoulders of our illustrious predecessors in similar labours. Ramirez de Prado (Ramiresius) wrote notes on Martial, and commented freely on the obscene passages, and this book was printed with the King's licence at Paris, A.D. 1607. Gonzales de Salas explained fully and unequivocally the whole of Petronius; and the commentary of Janus Douza on the same author is even yet more free. Joseph Scaliger wrote notes to the Priapeia and Catullus. But why enumerate these celebrated men? and hundreds could be added to them. These commentaries are known to many scholars, and if

any one has scruples in reading such authors as Petronius and Martial, let him study the *Prolegomena* in Petronium of Goldastus before he throws this little volume into the fire.

Again, we might on equally high authority plead for a translation of these poems of Martial for the sake of the wit that sparkles so brightly through them that it almost throws in the shade the indecency in which it is set. "Plato commended the reading of Aristophanes," says Milton in his noble work on the liberty of the press, "to his royal scholar Dionysius, and," he continues, "may be excused, if holy Chrysostom nightly studied so much the same author, and had the art to cleanse a scurrilous vehemence into the style of a rousing sermon."

And we might well ask our objector if the irredeemable sin of coarseness, the abominable crime of calling a spade by its name, is to banish for ever from the world of the 19th century the sarcastic drolleries of Rabelais, the humours of Chaucer, the satires of Juvenal, Persius, or Swift—nay much of the wit and wisdom of Shakespeare himself. In the words of the saintly Herbert we might tell him not

———"to grudge

To pick out treasures from an earthen pot."

But we shall defend our work on higher grounds than the delight afforded by a clever sarcasm or an ingenious pun. The poems of Martial, more especially the grosser ones, contain a vivid picture of the worst side of the private character of the Romans of the age of Domitian; and we do not hesitate to say, that the abnormal vices of a highly civilized though extraordinarily demoralized society form an interesting and important study for the historian, moralist, or legis-

lator, for it must be remembered that the vices of an age, not its virtues, point out most strongly the moral of that age, and these are best shewn and exposed by its literature. "The light portraits," says Hallam, "of the Court of Versailles, in some of the memoirs about the end of Louis XV's reign, almost cause a blush at perusal, but in them we have before us the handwriting on the wall, the winter whitened whirlwind hushed in its grim repose and expecting its prey, the vengeance of an oppressed people and long forbearing Deity."

And so Martial may be said to give us a few scenes, that necessarily lead to, and facilitate our comprehension of the last act of the drama of imperial despotism—the subversion of an empire, with a population debauched by vices that had ramified into a thousand varied and unnatural shapes—the poisonous forced fruit of the infernal hotbed.

But if the historian should be conversant with the vicious works of a vicious age, our objector may observe that while fully admitting this, such works can never be thought fit for the perusal of the general public, to whom alone an English translation appeals. Our answer to this objection is, that Martial may be read with instruction by many whose Latin has grown too rusty to enable them to read so difficult a work, without applying to it more time and labour than their inclination or professional occupation allows them. The fact is that the learned languages do not now hold the position they once did. With the exception of a few clergymen who combine the duties of a tutor with those of a parish priest, how few professional men who have left the University for ten or even five years could construe Martial? The Latin and Greek languages are now looked upon merely as a means of mental training, and the study of them is usually dropped as soon as a man enters upon the business of life. Latin has

even ceased to hold its place among what are called the learned professions. The University press now sends forth its commentaries in English. Latin has vanished entirely from the legal formularies, and many physicians now use English to write their prescriptions.

But there is a superficial morality among the English of the present day, which unhappily bears all before it, and those who dare to write in the teeth of this bring upon themselves most unmerited obloquy; the consequence of this is shewn in all our translations of the classics. Mr. Bohn's classical series might have been a most splendid introduction to the pursuit of Latin and Greek Literature, but unfortunately when an obscene passage occurs, it is either omitted *without asterisks* or simply and purposely mistranslated.

Take Horace, for example, a book in everybody's hands, Epod. viii. 19.

Quod ut superbo provocas ab inguine,
Ore adlaborandum est tibi.

Smart's version (adopted in Bohn's series as revised by Buckley) gives "But for you to raise an appetite in a stomach that is nice, it is necessary that you exert every art of language." In this translation, the original, we assert fearlessly, is wilfully falsified, for we cannot take up any commentator without finding the real meaning given. Orelli is now before us, who gives "Ore, *i. e.* linguendo." We pull down Lemaire from our shelves, and we are referred "de turpissimo isto libidinis genere" to Sueton. Tiber. cap. 44. Instances could be multiplied ad infinitum. We can only add "crimine ex uno disce omnes," the "omnes" referring to all English translations.

The monomania for refining impurities pervades every English work written on Greece and Rome. Sometimes it takes the form of mere omission, as where we are referred in a modern work of great repute, concerning the practice of singers infibulating themselves, to Rhodius and Pitiscus de Acie. It is almost ludicrous for the student to take his Juvenal or his Martial to study at the sea side, accompanied with the above, viz: Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities. How can he procure Pitiscus de Acie? We are not here talking of the Oxford or Cambridge embryo *honor man*, for his idea is merely, "Oh this question will never be set in an examination, and therefore I needn't trouble my head about it." With this view we blush to say all English editions of the classics are written. Need we wonder then that among independent and true scholars, English commentators are a "byeword among the heathen."

Another objection may be addressed to some expressions used in our translation, but this is to confound the duties of the translator with those of the historian. The latter avoids all expressions contrary to the usages of the society in which he is placed. His duty is to give us in a connected chain the links scattered through the writings of various authors. He gives us the history in an entertaining and readable *form*, for the *matter* he refers us to the authorities themselves. But the translator does not put into the mouth of the author the language he may be supposed to have uttered, had he lived in modern times. For if a translator had this liberty, he must tell us by what right he assumes that his author will write in the style of Dryden rather than that of Rochester; all he is permitted to do is to turn the Latin idiom into the corresponding English one. If the original is coarse, the translation must be coarse, and conversely if the author expresses himself with delicacy, the translator

must not be coarse. Dryden often offends against this latter rule, in his translation of Ovid, *e. g.* Amores II. xix. 41.

Quo ferat ut referat sollers ancilla tabellas,

which Dryden translates :—

An orange wench would tempt thy wife abroad,
Kick her, for she's a letter-bearing bawd.

The translator who is guilty of this is condemned with no dissentient voice ; but if the author is coarse, the translator who turns the passage in the most delicate manner, so as to obscure or falsify the meaning of the original, with strange inconsistency, is admired for his skill in *improving* on the author.

One thing we beg to impress upon our readers, a work of this kind is perfectly innocuous. It is not of a character to inflame the passions of any one who is not already too degraded to be harmed by it. It is the tender half suppressed amorousness of an Ovid, or a Moore, that seduces ; the semi modest, half nude figure of vice that tempts. The loathsome and degraded pictures that Martial presents to us cannot excite the passions in a healthy mind, any more than the naked and discoloured corpses in a dissecting room. So, while the amours of Venus and Anchises as sung by Homer may charm, the abnormal and degraded condition of a confirmed debauchee like Charidemus or Philaenis as portrayed by Martial, can only disgust. If any one wishes therefore to see how utterly despicable and contemptible is a debauchee, old in vice and years, then in Martial's bitter sarcasms will be found much to deter him from giving a second thought to the promptings of a sensual imagination.

ERRATA.

Page iii., line 13, for *ask* read *asks*.

„ v., line 19, for *though* read *thought*.

„ 17, „ 9 from bottom, for *sodomite* read *passive sodomite*.

„ 20, „ 9, after *stubble*, for *comma* read *period*.

„ — „ 10, after *morn.* for *period* read *comma*.

„ 39, „ 3, omit *quotation* before *You*.

„ 49, „ 4, for *lover* read *husband*.

„ — „ 10, omit *comma* after *abundat*.

„ 52, „ 15, for *girl's* read *girls*.

„ 58, „ 8 from bottom, for *prostitued* read *prostituted*.

„ 63, „ 5 from bottom, for () read (²).

„ 94, „ 2, omit *comma* after *laera*.

PREFACE.

IN our address to the reader we have given an “*apologia pro libro nostro*.” Consequently we have now only to give a sketch of our literary labours in connection with Martial, and a few remarks on our translation.

In 1852 we took up Martial as the companion of our leisure hours, armed with Lemaire’s Notes, and the carefully collated text of F. G. Schneidewin. We soon became engrossed in the study of our author, and every hour snatched from our professional duties was religiously dedicated to Martial. We jotted down occasional notes, and made verse translations of some of the Epigrams; but it was not till 1858 that we finally determined on publishing the whole of Martial, accompanied by imitations in verse. This was almost ready for the press, when in 1860 a translation appeared in Mr. Bohn’s Classical series; and accordingly when we took our MS. to Messrs. —, the eminent publishers, they told us that we were too late, and that our book would be considered by the public quite a work of supererogation. With these words the “taster” handed us back our MS. without reading it. In fact, the translation of Martial in Mr. Bohn’s series ought to have rendered our labours unnecessary, but not only were numerous epigrams left untranslated that might easily have been offered to the public, but worse still, the occasional freeness in some that

were translated was often erroneously (we fear purposely so) rendered. The Italian version of Graglia appended to the omitted epigrams, was but a doubtful boon to the public, since that language is not much studied by us. It is excellent undoubtedly in many respects, but is of no assistance in a difficult passage, as the Latin is merely turned into Italian, and no explanation is appended. This present edition has been printed owing to the importunities of our friends, who suggested that we should supplement the English edition of Bohn by selecting for translation and illustration exactly those epigrams which he has chosen to omit.

Since we fully determined to publish these epigrams separately, we have made considerable alterations, consisting mainly of the substitution of clear expressions for ambiguous phrases. The prose translation has also in numerous instances been rendered more literally, for if our reasons for translating Martial at all are good, then we are bound to translate him fairly and truthfully. Had we clothed or castrated our author, our object would not have been attained. We should not then have given those epigrams which have hitherto been untranslated to the public. If any one doubts our assertion, let him look at Fletcher's renderings of some of them. He attempted a decent modification. The result was a feeble and unmeaning likeness of his author. For similar reasons we have found it necessary to be equally plain spoken in our notes.

In our verse translation we have sought to convey to the non classical reader the idea and force of each epigram, in the prose to give the literal rendering, and in the notes to comment on doubtful passages and explain obscure allusions.

As the verbal puns contained in a few of the poems could not possibly be given in English, rather than omit them

altogether, we have endeavoured to reproduce the idea conveyed by them as near as possible by a paraphrase or imitation in our metrical version, appending a full explanation of the originals in the notes.

In further pursuance of this plan a Latin introduction containing an account of the principal MSS. of Martial and their relative value, as also critical notes on the text of our author, have been omitted, and the explanatory notes have been given entirely in English, instead of partly in Latin and partly in English.

The text we have employed is Schneidewin's last edition in Teubner's *Bibliotheca Script. Graec. et Rom.*, Leipsic 1866. The epigrams will be found differently numbered in different editions, so we beg to add in conclusion, that we have followed Schneidewin's arrangement throughout.



EPIGRAMS.

BOOK I.

XLVI. TO HEDYLUS.

Cum dicis, "Propero, fac si facis," Hedyli, languet
Protinus et cessat debilitata Venus.
Expectare iube: velocius ibo retentus:
Hedyli, si properas, dic mihi, ne properem.

When you say, Hedylus,¹ "I, shall spend,² finish if you mean to finish,"³ my flame languishes and my lust grows weak and dies away. Bid me keep it back: I shall come all the quicker, if checked: Hedylus, if you are going to spend, tell me not to spend.

When, Hedylus, you gasp "I'm spending,
Come finish, if your meaning's ending,"
My courage droops, and stead of mending,
My lust grows weak, my struggles end.
Cheek my ardour, and the feeble flicker
Will blaze: delay me, and I'll come the quicker,
And in a joint libation pour my liquor,
But, Hedylus, O tell me not to spend!

(¹) Ramiresius and many other commentators read "Hedyla" or "Aedyla" for "Hedyle," but all the old codices read "Hedyle," which is rightly given by Gruter, Grono-

vius, Scriverius, Lemaire, and Schneidewin, (who gives Hedyli), and most modern commentators.

(²) *Propero*, "I hasten," *sensu obsceno* here, "I hasten to spend;" and so in Ovid, *De Arte Amandi*, "ad metam prope-rate simul. Lib II. 717.

(³) *Fac si facis*. "Finish, if you mean to finish." These are the petulant words of Hedyli, who chides the coldness of his lover. It should also be remembered that *Facere* has an obscene signification (as also the Greek *ποιεῖν*) = "rem peragere," "to finish," referring especially to the grand climax. So the French say "j'ai fini" euphemistically.

LVIII. ON THE PRICE OF A BOY.

Milia pro puero centum me mango poposcit :

Risi ego, sed Phoebus protinus illa dedit.

Hoc dolet et queritur de me mea mentula secum

Laudaturque meam Phoebus in invidiam.

Sed sestertium donavit mentula Phoebo

Bis deciens : hoc da tu mihi, pluris emam.

A slave-dealer asked me 100,000 sesterces for a boy: I smiled: but Phoebus gave him his price immediately. My penis is annoyed at this, and secretly reproaches me, and makes me jealous¹ by praising Phoebus, but Phoebus's penis gained² for him 2,000,000 sesterces. Get me this, and I will buy you a more expensive boy.

"A thousand pounds," I heard a dealer cry,

"A thousand, and the little slave is sold."

I smiled; but wealthy Phoebus strolling by,

Purchased the boy, and rattled down the gold.

My prick upbraids; the fancied slight had pained him;

Lauds Phoebus; and with jealousy my peace alloys.

Phoebus's prick has twenty thousand gained him.

Earn me but this, and you shall swim in boys.

(1) Meam in invidiam, "makes me jealous," &c., *i.e.*, and Phoebus is praised, so that I envy him. Simon translates "*à mes depens.*" D. Calderini's paraphrase is "so that I feel I am despised, and I hate him," which is very good.

(2) In Rome well-hung youths made a good profit by their amours. Old men and old women employed them. Concerning old men, see especially Juvenal, Sat. IX, and the Apophoreta, (cap ii.) affixed to F. C. Forberg's edition of the Hermaphroditus of Antonius Panormita, in which the learned editor shows that it is a mistake to suppose that the passive party derives no pleasure from the sodomitical act. As to old women, compare Juvenal, Sat I. 40.

Unciolam Proculcius habet, sed Gillo deuncem.

Partes quisque suas ad mensuram inguinis haeres.

Martial elsewhere (I. xxiii. and VII. lv.) tells us his penis was small, and he introduces this peculiarity very prettily in this anecdote of the slave dealer. The meaning is, "my penis is so small that I cannot get any money by it, therefore I cannot throw away any money upon it by buying such an expensive boy as Phoebus bought."

Simon, the French translator, who professes to be literal, has "a thousand times has this same member procured for Phoebus a rich tribute of sesterces," but this loses the point of contrast which lies between 100,000 and 2,000,000. In the latter case "*sestiolum*," a diminutive, is used in ludicrous connection with so large a sum, but I have refrained in my translation from 2,000,000 little sesterces. We sometimes say facetiously of a rich man, "he has got some halfpence," and this is the idea conveyed here.

XC. ON BASSA, A TRIBADE.

Quod nunquam maribus cinctam te, Bassa, videbam

Quodque tibi moechum fabula nulla dabat,

Omne sed officium circa te semper obibat

Turba tui sexus, non adeunte viro ;

Esse videbaris, fateor, Lucretia nobis :

At tu, pro facinus, Bassa, fututor eras.
 Inter se geminos audes committere cunnos
 Mentiturque virum prodigiosa Venus.
 Commenta es dignum Thebano aenigmate monstrum,
 Hic ubi vir non est, ut sit adulterium.

Inasmuch as I never saw you, Bassa,¹ in company² with men, and report in no case assigned to you a favourite lover, but every duty about your person was constantly performed by a crowd of your own sex, without the presence of even one man; you seemed to me, I confess it, a Lucretia: yet you, the while, (Oh, horrible!) were a fuckster.³ You dare to unite two quims, and your unnatural lust would fain imitate the act of man. 'Tis a riddle for the Sphinx⁴ of Thebes to solve. Where⁵ there is no male yet *there* is adultery.

Insomuch, Bassa, as I never saw
 You join male company, nor yet, in truth,
 Has rumour e'er asserted that you draw
 In happy slavery one favoured youth;
 But for each duty crowds of women press
 Around you, hidden from man's impure eye;
 I thought you a Lucretia, I confess;
 Yet meanwhile you were fucking on the sly.
 Oh, horrible! You dare two cunts unite!
 To play the man, unnatural dreams you nourish!
 Only the Sphinx could read this riddle right;
 With males renounced, adultery can flourish.

(1) This Epigram is partly translated in Bohn's edition. In adherence, therefore, to my plan, I have closely followed his translation, as far as it goes.

(2) *Maribus junctam*, "surrounded by a crowd of admirers" is given in Bohn's translation, but this is intolerably tame. I have given "in company with men."

(³) Fututor, "a fuckster." There is an auxesis in the term "fuckster," applied to a woman, who ought to be called a "fuckstress," but Martial calls her "*a fuckster*," to brand her turpitude more signally; and this term is specially applied to tribades by Martial, for he constantly says of them that they "fuck." Now the Latin "futuo," being from the same root as the Greek *φύτω*, that is "to plant" or "sow seed," can only be used of males operating in the natural vessels of females, for by that means alone is generation accomplished. But since tribades imitate males by their vile practices, the term "fuck" is applied to them, and so Martial VII., Ep. lxx.

Ipsarum tribadum tribas, Philaeni,
Recte, quam futuis, vocas amicam.

Where there is an elegant play upon the ambiguity of the word "recte," "rightly," which is applied to "futuis," "you fuck," *i.e.* not unnaturally but naturally; and also with the word "vocas," "you call," that is, you rightly call her mistress, as men call those whom they fuck their mistresses.

(⁴) Literally, "You have contrived to make a prodigy worthy of the Theban enigma." But it is evidently here metalepsis, for "Enigma dignum Thebano monstro," *i.e.* the Sphinx. You commit adultery without a male; and this seems a riddle worthy to emanate from the Sphinx. Others take it, "An enigma which we want an Oedipus to solve." Others, as Lemaire, maintain that both senses are involved in the line, "A riddle worthy to emanate from the Sphinx, and to be solved by Oedipus."

(⁵) The contradictory proposition, "There is adultery without a male," is the sting of the epigram. It is of course the essence of an enigma to appear contradictory. The wit of this epigram cannot fail to be appreciated. Martial's ingenuity in confessing his error in thinking Bassa the chastest and most virtuous of women, because no man went in unto her, is a most admirable point of departure for his satire.

XCII. TO MAMURIANUS.

Saepe mihi queritur non siccis Cestos ocellis,
 Tangi se digito, Mamuriane, tuo.
 Non opus est digito: totum tibi Ceston habeto,
 Si deest nil aliud, Mamuriane, tibi.
 Sed si nec focus est nec nudi sponda grabati
 Nec curtus Chiones Antiopesve calix,
 Cerea si pendet lumbis et scripta lacerna
 Dimidiasque nates Gallica braca tegit,
 Pascaris et nigrae solo nidore culinae
 Et bibis immundam cum cane pronus aquam:
 Non culum, neque enim est culus, qui non cacat olim,
 Sed fodiam digito qui superest oculum.
 Nec me zelo typum nec dixeris esse malignum:
 Denique paedica Mamuriane, satur.

Cestos, with tears in his eyes, often complains to me, Mamurianus,¹ of being touched² by your finger. You need not³ use your finger merely: take Cestos all to yourself, if nothing else is wanting in your establishment, Mamurianus. But if you have neither⁴ fire, nor legs for your base bedstead, nor broken basin of Chione⁵ or Antiope: if a cloak greasy and worn hangs down your back, and a Gallic jacket covers half your posteriors, and if you feed on the smell alone of the dark kitchen, and drink on your knees dirty water with the dog; I will not put my finger up your arsehole, for it is no arsehole that does not shit,⁶ but I will put my finger in your remaining eye,⁷ and gouge it out. And don't call me jealous or cruel; sodomise, Mamurianus, when your belly is full.⁸

Cestos, with tearful eyes, while with me lingering,
 Often complains of your indecent fingering;
 Mamurianus!

You need not only use your finger, really
 Appropriate the youth you love so dearly,
 If your abode is wanting Cestos merely ;
 Mamurianus !

But if your chilly hearth's forgot to glow ;
 If your vile bedstead ne'er a leg can show ;
 If you can boast a vessel no more pure
 Than some poxed harlot's cracked and cast-off ewer ;
 If a worn greasy cloak entraps your heels ;
 If a starved jacket half your arse reveals ;
 —You drink with curs foul water on your knees ;
 —The distant kitchen's smell your guts appease ;
 My finger up your arsehole I'd not pass.
 An arse that wants no paper's not an arse ;
 Mamurianus !

Call me not harsh or envious ; but your eye
 s' The only hole my finger cares to try.
 I'd gouge the orb from out its socket's snugger ;
 First fill your belly, then you go to buggery ;
 Mamurianus !

(1) This Epigram also is partially translated in Bohn's series, and I have followed it, as it is sufficiently accurate.

(2) *Te tangi digito*, "touched with your finger." To touch the posteriors lewdly with the finger, that is the middle finger put forth and the two adjoining fingers bent down, so that the hand might form a sort of priapus, was an obscene sign to attract catamites. That this position of the fingers was an indecent symbol is shown in numberless passages of the old writers, *e.g.* Tranquil. in Calig. c. 56 ; Lamprid. in vit. Heliogab. etc. When this finger was thus applied, it signified that the person was ready to sodomize him whom he touched. The same coarse jest is used still among the lower orders. We are informed by our younger companions that gentlemen given to sodomitical practices are in the habit of frequenting some public place, such as the pillars of the County Fire Office, Regent Street, and placing their hands behind them raising their fingers in a suggestive manner, similar to that mentioned by our

Epigrammatist. Should any gentleman place himself near enough to have his person touched by the playful fingers of the pleasure seeker, and evince no repugnance, the latter turns round, and, after a short conversation, the bargain is struck. The wit of the epigram consists in this, that Martial does not threaten Mamurianus with the law of retaliation, (*lex talionis*) but with a heavier penalty, he says, "I will not put my finger up your arsehole, but in your eye, and gouge it out." Hence he implies he is one eyed, for he says, "*oculum*," and not "*oculos*." The Romans used to point out sodomites and catamites, by thus holding out the middle finger, and so it was used as well in ridicule (or chaff as we say) as to denote the infamy of the persons, who were given to these practices. And so we get lower down Book II. Epig. xxviii.

*Rideto multum qui te, Sextille, cinaedum
Dixerit et digitum porrigito medium.*

That is, if any one calls you a catamite, Sextillus, return the compliment, and hold out your middle finger to him: Ramiresius tells us it was still common in Spain in his time, (1600). This position of the finger was supposed to represent the buttocks with a priapus inserted up the fundament; it was called by the Spaniards, "*Iliga*." From this comes the old custom of suspending little priapi on boys' necks, to avert the evil eye. Compare on this subject Persius Sat. II. "*Infami digito*."

(3) *i. e.* You shall not only touch the boy with your finger, thus shewing that you wish to sodomise him, I will not only grant this request, which you solicit with your finger, but I will give him up totally and entirely, if nothing else is, etc.

(4) Mamurianus is ridiculed for his sordid and licentious life. (Bohn).

(5) Chione and Antiope, names of courtezans from whom Martial intimates that Mamurianus would accept broken basins.—(Bohn). In allusion to the filthy use to which these basins or bidets were put; *i. e.* in which prostitutes

washed their privates after connection, see Lib. III. Epig. lxxxii.

Curtaque Ledae sobrius bibat testa.

(6) Mamurianus is so poor that he does not eat, and therefore his rectum doesn't perform its functions.

(7) A hit at Mamurianus, implying that he had but one eye. It was a common threat with the Romans "Oculos tibi effodiam." "I will gouge your eyes out." The pun is on the words "fodiam culum digito," which is used "sensu obsceno" and "fodiam oculum digito," which is not.

(8) If you were not such a miserable half-starved wretch, I should not object so much to your taking indecent liberties with Cestos. You want food much more than a boy.

XCIV. TO AEGLE, THE PRICK SUCKER.

Cantasti male, dum fututa es, Aegle.
Iam cantas bene; basianda non es.

While you were fucked, Aegle, your voice was bad: now your voice is charming; [but] you must not be kissed.

Thy mouth was useless when thy youthful charms,
Aegle, called lovers to thy longing arms.
Now, when old age has dulled thy gaping quim,
Thy pliant lips fulfil thy lover's whim.

This epigram is very difficult, for though the general gist of it is obvious, it is by no means clear how much these two lines were meant by the author to imply. Calderini and Merula explain it thus. When she was young, she sang badly, for constant copulation made her voice hoarse; now she sings well, and therefore it is clear that she no longer copulates, and because her breath is foul the poet says she must not be kissed, and therefore of course the imputation is

that she gamahuched men. Ramiresius however remarks that abstinence does not make a good voice out of a bad one, though possibly excessive copulation may spoil a good voice. The poet intimates that she had a disagreeable and harsh voice while she poked, but now that she no longer copulates her voice is pleasant. This epigram therefore is to be understood thus. While Aegle was in the flower of her youth she was sought after by men for the beauty of her person, and yet it was reported that she sang badly, but when she got too old for this work, men, under pretence that she was a singer, went to be gamahuched, and since the men she gamahuched wished to hide their own turpitude, they gave out that they went to her for her voice, and so it was noised abroad that she was a good singer, not because she really sang, but because it was a cloak under which to hide vice. Acutely then does Martial say "you must not be kissed now that you are a good singer," for in these words he hints that she gamahuched men, and therefore on account of their impurity her kisses were to be avoided; and so later commentators *e.g.* Farnabius, whose note is frequently quoted, "you who were once a bad singer are now reported to sing beautifully by those who under pretence of hearing your songs call on you to gamahuche them." Judicet lector.

B O O K I I.

XXVIII. TO SEXTILLUS.

Rideto multum qui te, Sextille, cinaedum
 Dixerit et digitum porrigito medium.
 Sed nec paedico es nec tu, Sextille, fututor,
 Calda Vetustinae nec tibi bucca placet.
 Ex istis nihil es fateor, Sextille: quid ergo es?
 Nescio, sed tu scis res superesse duas.

Laugh heartily Sextillus, at the man, who calls you a catamite, and hold out your middle finger¹ at him (in return). But you are not a sodomite, nor are you a womaniser, Sextillus, nor do you care about the warm cheek of Vetustina. You are in none of these ranks, I confess, Sextillus. What then do you do? I do not know, but you know that there are two things left.

Laugh at the man who tells you to your face
 That you've submitted to the male embrace;
 Sextillus, there you're past reproach, and then
 To girls a Joseph, as a Lot to men;
 Nor for eccentric pleasures do you seek
 Warm Vestustina's yielding lips and cheek.
 No man to deeds like these can say you sink;
 What do you do then? I know not, but think
 Your lips could tell twin pleasures they have sipped,
 Enfolded that one, into this one dipped.

(¹) "Middle finger." Vide supra, my note on Book I. Epig. xcii. (2.)

There is some difference here in the interpretation of this epigram. It is however certain that Martial expresses an opinion that there are six modes of defiling oneself, and that of these, three are as follows. 1. As in line first, to be a catamite. 2. To be the active agent in sodomy. 3. To copulate. These two last modes are contained in line third. The fourth mode, mentioned in the fourth line, however, Domitius Calderini and G. Merula assert to be "gamahuching women," and they take *calda bucca* = vulva. They maintain that the two things left are masturbation and prick-sucking. But Lemaire very justly remarks that *bucca* merely means the "cheek," that *calda* is a very suitable epithet, and that the interpretation of D. Calderini and Merula is most arbitrary and forced, and with these remarks we entirely agree and we therefore put, 4. To be gamahuched by a woman. Consequently the two things left will be prick sucking and cunt sucking, and thus we get two vices of the same description, which is almost conclusive proof of the correctness of this latter view. That masturbation in the list of these gross vices should be one of the two omitted, and which the epigrammatist intimates are the vilest, viler even than those filthy practices enumerated, is wretchedly tame in my opinion. It must ever be borne in mind that throughout Martial, gamahuching under whatever form was considered a more abominable vice than sodomy either active or passive.

XLV. TO GLYPTUS.

Quae tibi non stabat praecisa est mentula, Glypte.
Demens, cum ferro quid tibi? Gallus eras.

Your penis, Glyptus, which did not stand, has been amputated. Madman,¹ what had you to do with the knife?² You were a true Priest of Cybele before.

What, Glyptus! cut your cock off! Where's the good?
 Save 'twas too short to hang, it never stood.
 Without the knife, you'd be a sexless Priest;
 You never could have woman, man, or beast.

(1). Glyptus, whose penis had long since ceased to stand, yet when made a Priest of Cybele, cuts off his member. The poet says that this was a work of supererogation for as his affair was useless, it was just the same as if it had been amputated.

(2) Ferro, the Samian glass which they used for amputating. Coelius ap. Plin. XXXV. xii. Juv. Sat. VI. 514. Ovid, Fast. IV. 237., etc. The priests of Cybele were called "Galli" because their members were amputated.

XLVII. TO GALLUS.

Subdola famosae moneo fuge retia moechae,
 Levior o conchis, Galle, Cytheriacis.
 Confidis natibus? non est paedico maritus:
 Quae faciat duo sunt: irrumat aut futuit.

Flee from the ensnaring¹ toils of the noted adulteress, Gallus, oh thou smoother than the sea shells!² Do you trust³ to your bottom? Her husband is not a sodomite; he does two things, he fucks a mouth⁴ or a cunt.

Flee ere you're caught, and let alone
 Joys that Hymen disallows:
 Though rounded beauties are your own
 They'll not pay for horned brows.
 Of tit for tat from wifey's loves
 Your dull cuckold is no boaster,
 Who with slow and measured shoves
 Nightly shakes his chaste four-poster.

Abhorrent of the puerile sheath,
 The sight his heart would only harden,
 And, as you dare not show your teeth,
 A ready tongue must earn your pardon.

(¹) Subdola, "ensnaring," who will betray you to her husband. Compare Epig. xlix. of this book, *infra*. I agree with Simon in understanding "*moechae*," of some known adulteress, "*de cette fameuse*," rather than vaguely, as any notorious adulteress.

(²) Sea shells. I see no occasion to strain the interpretation. It simply means any sea shells which the seashore of Cythera produced, or rather, "*Cytheriacis*" is a mere epitheton ornans. Others take it as applying to Venus, who was fabled to be born from a shell. Those who prefer the artificial interpretation we must beg to refer to D. Calderini's commentary. The point of comparison is in the smoothness of the boy Gallus, and the smoothness of the inside of a shell. Gallus took great pains to shave every hair from his bottom, legs, arms, etc., and the shell is constantly rubbed smooth, and polished by the action of the water.

(³) "Do you trust?" i.e., do you think that the husband will be content with the "*lex talionis*," and on this point see my note on Book I. Epig. xcii. (2)

(⁴) That is, the husband will not sodomise you, but he will have you in the mouth. This is the *lex talionis* he will exact, and to which you will be compelled to submit.

XLIX. TO TELESINA.

Uxorem nolo Telesinam ducere : quare ?
 Moecha est. Sed pueris dat Telesina. Volo.

I will not marry Telesina. Why? She is an adulteress. But Telesina grants her favours to boys. Then I consent.

Th' adulteress Telesina I'd not wed
 For fifty times the charms the harlot's got.
 But to boys only does she grant her bed:
 Only to boys! By Jove, I'll wed the lot.

(¹) After the last epigram this will hardly need any explanation. He refuses to marry Telesina because she is notoriously unchaste, but then he is further told that it is equally notorious that she only grants her favours to young boys. On hearing this he changes his mind, and is willing to marry this Telesina, in order that he may have the *lex talionis*, and sodomise all the boys he catches with her. So in the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius, the baker finds a young gallant in the house after his wife, and he catches him in a room, locks the door, and sodomises him.

L. TO LESBIA.

Quod fellas et aquam potas, nil, Lesbia, peccas.
 Qua tibi parte opus est, Lesbia, sumis aquam.

In that you prick-suck, and drink water, Lesbia,¹ you do well. You wash out the part that needs it, Lesbia.

Lesbia, the gifts of Bacchus you despise,
 But pricks are drained by that fair mouth of thine.
 In drinking water we'll pronounce thee wise.
 Water is used for washing but not wine.

(¹) Lesbia was a gamahucher, and at the same time a "water drinker." The wit of the epigram consists in the ambiguity of the expression "*sumis aquam*," which signifies to drink water, and also to take water for the purpose of washing the generative organs after copulation. Now the

mouth of Lesbia may well be compared to the quim of a prostitute; he says therefore, Lesbia, thou doest well, for thou doest to thy mouth the very thing a prostitute would do to her quim. It must be borne in mind that Roman ladies made a point of washing their privates after copulation.

LI. TO HYLLUS.

Unus saepe tibi tota denarius arca
 Cum sit et hic culo tritior, Hyllus, tuo.
 Non tamen hunc pistor, non auferet hunc tibi copo,
 Sed si quis nimio pene superbus erit.
 Infelix venter spectat convivia culi
 Et semper miser hic esurit, ille vorat.

Though you have but one penny in your coffer, and this more worn than your arsehole, Hyllus, you will give it neither to the baker nor to the wine merchant, but to any well hung man. Your luckless belly looks on at your arsehole's banquet, and is ever wretched and hungry, while the latter devours ravenously.

That penny, the last you possess,
 More worn than the hole in your arse,
 'Stead of baker or bung, it will bless
 Some well hung young man that may pass.
 At your arsehole's great banquet will gaze
 Your belly, and luckless will feel,
 When it sees, though left hungry for days,
 The former o'erflow with the meal.

Requires no comment. The point is that Hyllus starved himself to gratify his pathic tastes.

LIV. TO LINUS.

Quid de te, Line, suspicetur uxor
Et qua parte velit pudiciorem,
Certis indiciis satis probavit,
Custodem tibi quae dedit spadonem.
Nil nasutius hâc maligniusque est.

What suspicions your wife entertains of you, Linus,¹ and what part of your body she wishes to make more chaste, she has shown quite clearly enough in that she has provided an eunuch to watch you. Nothing can be more clever and more malignant than this.²

We all can see, unless we're blind,
What doubt torments your spouse's mind ;
We all can tell what part of your
Erotic frame she'd have more pure,
And at what game she thinks to catch you,
When she an eunuch sets to watch you.
Unhappy Linus, say what is
More clever or more cruel than this !

(¹) Linus was evidently a sodomite, and his wife was up to this, and therefore provided him with an eunuch for an attendant, in order that he might not be sodomised by his valet. The eunuch also, as being impotent, would naturally be envious of other men, and would consequently be a good person to watch over her husband.

Linus is also satirised for being so henpecked as to allow his wife to rule him to such an extent as to permit this.

(²) Literally "than she is." Read hâc.

LXI. ON A SLANDERER.¹

Cum tibi vernarent dubia lanugine malae,
 Lambebat medios improba lingua viros.
 Postquam triste caput fastidia vispillonum
 Et miseri meruit taedia carnificis,
 Uteris ore aliter nimiaque aerugine captus
 Allatras nomen quod tibi cunque datur.
 Haereat inguinibus potius tam noxia lingua:
 Nam cum fellaret, purior illa fuit.

When your cheeks bloomed with the barest down,² your shameless tongue sucked men's pricks. After your vile person had grown odious to the dead-cart men,³ and excited the loathing of the wretched hangman, you employ your mouth in another way, and carried on by excessive infamy⁴ you revile like a cur everybody⁵ whose name is mentioned to you. Would that so foul⁶ a tongue would rather keep to pricks, for when it did this it was purer.

Before your mouth was fringed with hair,
 All pricks might find a haven there,
 Till hangmen loathed a boy so common,
 And dead cart men preferred a woman.
 When gamahuche no longer paid,
 Your tongue was still your stock in trade,
 No more to suck, but to discharge
 Its venom on mankind at large;
 On character base slurs to fix,
 As once it had polluted pricks.
 Oh filthy tongue, you'd better far
 Be what you were than what you are!

(¹) A bitter satire on a certain person who had previously been given to infamous vices, and had become a noted slanderer.

(²) "The barest down," Lat. "dubia," lit. "doubtful,"

i.e. you can hardly tell whether there is any hair on his cheek or not,—a periphrasis for “when you were a mere boy.”

(3) “Dead cart men,” Lat. *vispillo*. They were corpse bearers, who carried out the bodies of the poor at night. Some analogy to the style of persons alluded to may be found in the great plague of London, when the “dead carts” carried away the dead poor in loads at night. Hence I have retained the phrase in my translation. “Hangman,” executioner. These two classes are mentioned to express the the lowest of the low. You “prick sucked” the vilest of men, and were despised even by them. This is the obvious meaning of the passage, and I cannot but regard as absurd the explanation of Calderini and Merula, “*In tantum fellationis libidinem venerat, ut mortuis non parceret,*” and similarly of “*Carnificis,*” “*Posceras damnatos, rejectus a vespillonibus.*” That is that he sought the society of dead-cart men in order that he might “prick-suck” the corpses, and the hangmen that he might perform the like office to the condemned criminals.

(4) *Aerugine*, “infamy,” literally “rust.” The metaphor of course, is from iron, for when that is very rusty it is worthless, so as applied to a man it expresses worthlessness, and a vicious man is said “*capi aerugine.*”

(5) Everybody, both good and bad.

(6) A slanderous tongue is called “evil” or “impure” and so “impure man,” and “impure mouth” is used of a prick sucker and cunt sucker. There is a pun on the word “purior,” for his tongue when he “prick-sucked” was not so impure or so foul, though it was (in one sense) as impure as it could possibly be.

LXII. TO LABIENUS.¹

Quod pectus, quod crura tibi, quod brachia vellis,
 Quod cincta est brevibus mentula tonsa pilis :
 Hoc praestas, Labiene, tuae—quis nescit?—amicae.
 Cui praestas culum quod, Labiene, pilas ?

In that you pluck each hair from your breast, from your legs, from your arms ; in that your prick is shaven, and covered with short hairs ; (2) we all know of course, Labienus, that you do this for your mistress. But to whom do you offer your arse, which you shave, Labienus ?

Labienus, each hair on your bosom that grows,
 On your arms, on your legs, with much trouble
 You shave, and your belly's appurtenance shews
 Like a newly mown field with its stubble,
 Thus blooming and sweet, as the breath of the morn.
 Your mistress entwines you, fond boy,
 But you've something behind, neatly shaven and shorn,
 That is scarcely a mistress's toy.

(1) This epigram hardly needs explanation. The Epigrammatist is pleasantly satirising the sodomitical Labienus, on the occasion of his shaving his legs, breast, arms, and privates. Now all this might be done to please a mistress, but he proceeds to ask for whose sake he shaved his arse, and this he could not have any occasion to do, except to please paederasts.

(2) "Short hairs," *i. e.* the rough bristles that are felt after an imperfect shave.

LXX. TO COTILUS.

Non vis in solio prius lavari
 Quenquam, Cotile : causa quae, nisi haec est,
 Undis ne fovearis irrumatis ?
 Primus te licet abluas : necesse est
 Ante hic mentula, quam caput, lavetur.

Cotilus,¹ you don't like any one to take the hip bath before yourself; what is the reason, unless it is this, that you may not bathe in spunky² water? Although you bathe first you must wash your prick before your face.³

Friend Cotilus, why can't you wash in
The hip bath that your comrades splash in?
Is 't 'cause you'll not your lather mix
With creamy streaks from fetid pricks?
If so, next time you take your tub,
Your lower parts you first must scrub.
To give your face the first ablution
Would taint the water with far worse pollution.

(1) Cotilus, the prick-sucker, who was so fastidious that he couldn't bear any one to wash before him, is shown to be the filthiest of men.

(2) "Spunky waters." Latin "irrumatis." Martial facetiously calls the water "mouth-fucked," inasmuch as it washed the prick and drew off the bits of stale spunk. "Irrumare" is to insert the penis in the mouth of another, and this seems to be imitated when the penis is put in water.

(3) The meaning is somewhat obscure. As they washed their penis before their head, the water was fouled by it. Cotilus dreaded water thus polluted; let him then wash himself first, only let him remember to wash his privates before he washes his face. Cotilus was of course a prick-sucker, and the sting is that his mouth was fouler than his penis.

LXXII. TO POSTHUMUS.

Hesterna factum narratur, Postume, cena
Quod nollem — quis enim talia facta probet?—

Os tibi percisum quanto non ipse Latinus
 Vilia Panniculi percutit ora sono :
 Quodque magis mirum est, auctorem criminis huius
 Caecilium tota rumor in urbe sonat.
 Esse negas factum : vis hoc me credere ? credo.
 Quid, quod habet testes, Postume, Caecilius ?

[Utterly untranslatable. See notes.]

A story is told of yesterday's supper, Posthumus,¹ which I wouldn't [credit], for who is to prove such things?—that your mouth² received *something* which sounded louder than the blow Latinus³ gives the wretched Panniculus, and what is more wonderful, rumour⁴ throughout the whole city assigns the foul deed to Caecilius. You say the deed was not done.⁵ Do you want me to believe this? Well, I believe you. But what if Caecilius has good proofs?⁶

Friend Posthumus, a tale's abroad,
 'Tis scarce to be believed,
 That last night at the festive board,
 Your mouth a stroke received,
 Which sounded louder than the blows
 The sorry Christmas joker
 On poor old Pantaloon bestows
 With his monstrous red-tipped poker.
 Who gave the stroke? Caecilius' name
 Men credit with the deed.
 You'd contradict this mouthing fame,
 And say you will *succeed*.
 Caecilius never did the act
 You'll swear,—for more who calls?
 If I said he had witnesses,
 You'd doubtless cry "*all balls*."

(¹) The whole of this epigram is so full of puns which cannot be rendered into our tongue that a good literal translation is a positive impossibility. In our notes however we shall endeavour to explain the whole fully.

Under the pretence of sympathising with the unworthy treatment Posthumus has received at the hand of Caecilius, who had given him a blow in the mouth, our author most facetiously exposes his vices, for though the obvious meaning of "*os tibi percisum*" is "you received a blow in the mouth," yet the tenor of the epigram quickly suggests a secondary meaning, and the whole sarcasm bursts upon us when we read the word "*rumor*" in the fourth line, which at once suggests "*irrumatio*."

(²) *Os tibi percisum*. *Praecidere* or *percidere* is used for "to sodomise," and catamites or those who are passive in the performance are said "*percidi*." Thus here "*os tibi percisum*" means "*irrumatus es*," that is, "you have been had in the mouth."

(³) *Latinus* was a comic actor, who boxed the ears of *Panniculus* on the stage to excite the risible faculties of the audience. Similarly *Clown* and *Pantaloon* strike (or rather pretend to strike) each other. The blow however in olden times was real. It has been suggested that the word "*sound*ed" signifies the laughter of those who saw *Posthumus* mouth-fucked (for that is exactly the meaning of "*os tibi percisum*"), but I do not consider this correct. The sound alluded to is of course the sound of the blow on the face, or the sound caused by the suction of the prick.

(⁴) *Rumor*. There is an ambiguity in this word, which means "report" and "prick-sucking," *Lat. irrumatio*. And similarly *Lib. III. Epig. lxxiii*.

Mollem credere te virum volebam,
Sed rumor negat esse te cinaedum.

i.e., I should like to believe you to be a sodomite, but report (or prick-sucking) says you are not a catamite. Thus the

ambiguity of "rumor" instantly tell us what the vice was, *i.e.*, irrumatio, or prick-sucking.

(5) *Esse negas factum*, "You deny it." There is an ambiguity in "*factum*," which comes to mean "the deed par excellence," *i.e.* the *spermatic* finish to a venereal encounter.

(6) "*Testes*." Witnesses, and also testicles.

LXXXIV. TO RUFUS ON SERTORIUS.

Mollis erat facilisque viris Poeantius heros :
 Volnera sic Paridis dicitur ulta Venus.
 Cur lingat cunnum Siculus Sertorius, hoc est :
 Abs hoc occisus, Rufe, videtur Eryx.

The Poeanthian hero was a sodomite and granted his favours readily to men: thus, 'tis said, Venus¹ avenged the wounds of Paris. The reason why Sertorius the Sicilian cunt-sucks is this: by him, Rufus, Eryx appears to have been slain.

Philoctetes, forgetful of trumpet and drum,
 To all men, the story goes, opened his bum.
 Thus Venus, avenging beloved Alexander,
 Made a prostitute sod of a gallant commander.
 Sertorius does worse, and sure it but meet is
 To assume he has sinned more than old Philoctetes.
 No doubt her son Eryx to him owed his death,
 (We know in Sicilia he yielded his breath.)
 And the goddess indignant thenceforth bade him suck
 Those lips of a woman which other men fuck.

(1) The poet pretends that Venus revenged injuries done to her by inspiring her enemies with disgraceful passions. If then Venus, to avenge the death of Paris, made a sodomite

of Philoctetes, it is probable that Sertorius slew Eryx, since Venus has inspired him with a viler lust, *i.e.*, cunt-sucking.

This is of course a poetical fiction of Martial, for we have no authority for saying that Philoctetes (the Poeanthian hero) was a sodomite. Eryx was the son of Venus and Buta, and was slain in Sicily, but by whom is unknown.

It is hardly necessary to observe that Sertorius was born hundreds of years after the age of Eryx.

BOOK III.

LXXII. TO SAUFEIA.

Vis futui, nec vis mecum, Saufeia, lavari.
 Nescio quod magnum suspicor esse nefas.
 Aut tibi pannosae dependent pectore mammae,
 Aut sulcos uteri prodere nuda times;
 Aut infinito lacerum patet inguen hiatu,
 Aut aliquid cunni prominet ore tui.
 Sed nihil est horum, credo, pulcherrima nuda es.
 Si verum est, vitium peius habes: fatua es.

You wish me to fuck you, but you will not go to the bath with me, Saufeia.¹ I suspect there is some horrid mystery. Either your bobbies hang shrivelled on your bosom, or you are afraid in your nakedness of exposing the furrows of your belly,² or your quim³ gapes open, so that its sides cannot be distinguished, or something protrudes from the lips of your cunt. But there is nothing of this, I believe; when naked you are most lovely. If so you have a worse fault; you are stupid.⁴

Dear Sofy, as I'm often telling her,
 Love's perfect enjoyment scarce knows.
 To strip I would fain be compelling her,
 But she only will poke in her clothes.

Do her bubbies hang shrivelled and flabby
 And swell but by padding and propping?
 Does her belly tell tales of a *babby*,
 And do stays only keep it from dropping?
 Does her grotto of Venus gape slackened,
 And the wealth of its lining hang out?
 Is what should be rose-tinted, blackened
 By warty growths dotted about?
 A truce to these fancies alarming!
 Her mind, not her mould, I suspect
 Dear Sofy I'm sure you are charming.
 Your prudery's your only defect.

(1) A satire on the modesty of Saufeia, who though she was willing to be poked, would not enter the bath with the poet for decency's sake. Martial assigns various bodily defects as probable causes, and failing this, we are led on to expect a climax, which comes out as "modesty," that is, "modesty that spoils sport," "objects to a bit of fun," "stupidity."

(2) *Sulcos uteri*, "furrows of the belly," the wrinkles between the navel and the pubes which some women have, especially after child-bearing.

(3) *Quim*, "*Inguen*," *i.e.*, the *nymphae*. Our author evidently disliked an open vulva.

(4) "*Stupid*," *fatua*, *i.e.*, void of all meretricious art, not up to a little sportive game. "You care for the plain jog-trot, et voila tout."

LXXIII. TO PHOEBUS.

Dormis cum pueris mutuniatis,
 Et non stat tibi, Phoebe, quod stat illis.
 Quid vis me, rogo, Phoebe, suspicari?
 Mollem credere te virum volebam,
 Sed rumor negat esse te cinaedum.

You sleep with well-hung boys, Phoebus,¹ and while they have erections you do not get a stand. What, I ask, would

you make me suspect? I should like to think you a passive sodomite, but report says you are not a catamite.

Lying with unstable pego 'twixt a brace of vigorous
 boys,
 Phoebus what's the little game that all your leisure
 time employs.
 I should guess, but contradicting rumours from your
 friends, odd rot'em,
 Check the surmise that you open to these vigorous
 youths your bottom;
 Rumour with its hundred tongues, that tells us you're
 not up to fucking,
 Tells us that you are not buggered; what then's left
 for you but sucking.

(1) Phoebus was a prick-sucker. He did not care for female society, but only for well hung men. Now, as I am charitably disposed, I should like to give you the benefit of any doubt, and though, I know that as you can't get an erection you do not bugger your boys. still I am willing to believe that you keep boys about you to be buggered by them; but report (or prick sucking) will not allow me to accept this hypothesis, and so I can't help thinking you a prick sucker.

LXXV. TO LUPERCUS.

Stare, Luperce, tibi iam pridem mentula desit :
 Luctaris demens tu tamen arrigere.
 Sed nihil erucæ faciunt, bulbique salaces,
 Improba nec prosunt iam satureia tibi.
 Coepisti puras opibus corrumpere buccas :
 Sic quoque non vivit sollicitata Venus.
 Mirari satis hoc quisquam, vel credere possit,
 Quæ non stat, magno stare, Luperce, tibi ?

Your prick, Lupercus,¹ has long since ceased to stand ; yet you madly strive to get an erection. But scallions² and aphrodisiac rockets do nothing for you ; you derive no benefit from the savory³ of evil fame. You begin to corrupt pure cheeks⁴ with your wealth : venery so produced lives but for a while.⁵ But who can marvel enough, or believe that your not standing stands you in so much.

Low has your manhood long lain ;
Long prominent forth ceased to stand ;
And madly you strive to obtain
False credit by mere sleight of hand.
No Holloway's Ointment will smear
Spring bloom o'er your autumnal ills ;
Nor can drops aphrodisiac rear
Any hopes, nor can Old Parr's Life Pills.
Now the chaste by your wealth you beguile—
Make pure lips impure by a kiss ;
Both last but a very short while
When man provokes pleasure like this !
Sure every one under the sun
With curious wonder will burn,
So much you should spend over one,
Who spends over none in return.

(¹) A satire on a certain debilitated person who had not erectile power, but who left no stone unturned to procure it.

(²) *Erucae*, *i.e.*, herbs exciting desire, either derived from uro, to burn (quasi *uricae*), or from *erodere*, as it were biting the tongue by its pungent taste.

(³) *Satureia*, savory ; also mentioned as salacious by Ovid, (*De Arte Aman.* II. iv. 15). Others read *satyrea* (*id. quod satyrion*) because neither Pliny nor Columella attribute any lascivious effect to savory. *Improba*, of evil fame, that is, when we hear you take "*satureia*," we conclude you are

limp. So of copaiba among us ; it may be said to have a bad name. If there is a smell of copaiba in a man's room, or if copaiba capsules are seen about the place, he will have some difficulty in convincing his friends that he is not suffering from some form of gonorrhoea. Pereira, speaking of savin as an abortive, says, "it has an evil name," that is, it is associated in the popular mind with procuring abortion. Another interpretation would have it, *venerem improbam irritans*, *i.e.*, "exciting unconscionable passion," but the former is, I think, preferable.

(⁴) Cheeks, *i.e.*, the cheeks of boys. Luperus paid largely for the gratification of this specialité, *i.e.*, to be prick-sucked, for this was considered so filthy at Rome that the boys would not do it unless they were well paid.

(⁵) There is an intense satire in this verse, for Martial says elsewhere (IV. Ep. 1.) "*Nemo est senex ad irrumandum*," no one is too old to be prick-sucked. Here however Luperus' lust seems to flag.

LXXIX. ON SERTORIUS.

*Rem peragit nullam Sertorius, inchoat omnes.
Hunc ego, cum futuit, non puto perficere.*

Sertorius begins everything and finishes nothing. I don't think he "finishes"² when he fucks.

Sertorius has a wavering mind.
Unfinished all leaves he.
E'en when he's in, and ought to grind,
He'll change his mind and pee.

Another version :

His hand at all things wild Sertorius tries ;
Nothing's completed, everything essayed.

E'en when he sports betwixt his sweetheart's thighs,
Methinks his play is o'er before the last act's played.

(¹) A satire on a dawdler, for the witticism consists in this, that nature does not allow the act of copulation to be left unfinished (I mean nature strictly) and all animals perform their duty in this respect eagerly.

(²) "Finishes." The word is hardly used *sensu obsceno* in English, but in French it is a common idiom. French ladies of easy virtue ejaculate with a sigh, "*j'ai fini!*" where the less idiomatic "*Anglaise*" would substitute "*Oh, I spend!*"

LXXXI. TO BAETICUS.¹

Quid cum femineo tibi, Baetice Galle, barathro?
Haec debet medios lambere lingua viros.
Abscissa est quare Samia tibi mentula testa,
Si tibi tam gratus, Baetice, cunnus erat?
Castrandum caput est: nam sis licet inguine Gallus,
Sacra tamen Cybeles decipis; ore vir es.

Baeticus, thou Priest of Cybele, what hast thou to do with a woman's cavé?² This tongue of thine ought to suck pricks.³ Why has thy penis been amputated by the Samian ware, if a cunt was so pleasing to thee, Baeticus? Your head must be castrated, for though you are a true priest in your genitals, you elude the rules of Cybele; in your mouth you are a man.

Thou, Baeticus, of Cybele the priest!
And still art thou by female charms allured?
Thy tongue should pleasure give to men at least!
Was it for this the torture you endured

By Samian ware inflicted? when you lost
 All that proclaimed thee man, if still you seek
 That cave, when on lust's ocean tempest tossed.
 Thy tongue, oh Baeticus, thy lips, thy cheek,
 Thy head, must pay the penalty of love.
 For thy virility was not contained
 Beneath thy vestments only, but above.
 In sacred rites, thy virile blood drops stained
 The earth, and left thee priest indeed in name,
 But man in actions, as thy lips proclaim.

(1) A satire on Baeticus, who was a priest of Cybele, and a cunt-sucker. It is marvellous that you suffered your prick to be amputated when a woman's privates were so agreeable to you; and now that you have to be initiated into the sacred rites of Cybele, you must submit to your head being cut off, for you perform the same office with it as the penis. Baeticus had been castrated and made a priest of Cybele, but he gamahuched women, so since he "womanised" in a certain sense, he was a man, which the sacerdotal laws of Cybele forbade.

(2) Barathro, cave or abyss. Euphemism for "cunt."

(3) You ought to suck pricks that you may not seem to be a man who goes after women for the purpose of gamahuching them.

LXXXVIII. TO TWO BROTHERS, GAMAHUCHERS.

Sunt gemini fratres, diversa sed inguina lingunt.
 Dicite, dissimiles sunt magis, an similes?

These are twin brothers,¹ but they gamahuche different kinds of generative organs. Say are they more unlike or more like each other on this account?

Brothers in taste, as twins the eye they strike,
 To either sex in dirty reverence lean.
 Differently dirty, are they more unlike
 Than like, because indifferently clean?

(¹) The poet jocosely proposes, as it were an enigma, the question whether two brothers are more unlike or more like each other, the one being a prick sucker and the other a cunt sucker. For since they bestowed their favours on different affairs, there might be some doubt of it, though they agreed wonderfully well in both being gamahuchers. The facetiousness lies in the double resemblance of these worthies, viz., in outward appearance and in morality. Great similarity in twins was also much admired in Rome.

XCVI. TO GARGILIUS.

Lingis, non futuis meam puellam
 Et garris quasi moechus et fututor.
 Si te prendero, Gargili, tacebis.

You gamahuche, you do not poke my woman, and you brag about it as if you were her gallant and a fuckster. If I catch you at it Gargilius, you will hold your tongue.¹

You gamahuche the girl I love,
 And give her not the manly shove,
 Yet brag about the deed you've done,
 As if you were a fucktious one ;
 But if I catch you at the trick,
 I'll stop your talking with my prick.

(¹) You will hold your tongue, that is, I will put my penis in your mouth, and so gag it. The idea is that Martial will demand the *lex talionis*.

XCVII. TO SABELLUS.

Sit culus tibi quam macer requiris?
 Paedicare potes, Sabelle, culo.

Do you ask how lean your arse is, Sabellus?¹ You can
 bugger with your arse, Sabellus.

You ask if your arse is defined;
 Why Sabellus, it's really so thin,
 That if it were up my behind,
 I should not perceive it were in.

(¹) A lean arse was considered a great defect among the
 ancients. Just above, in Epigram xciii. of this book, we
 have:

“Et anatis habeas orthopygium macrae.”

The orthopygium being the narrowest and lowest part
 of the chine. It was the end of the spine, where the ver-
 tebrae terminate, the extremity of the whole spine joining
 on to the “os sacrum,” and immediately above the anus.
 It somewhat resembles the episcopal mitre. The idea in
 our epigram is: “You are so lean that your orthopygium
 projects like a prick, and you could actually commit sodomy
 with it.” A lean arse was equally disliked in women, hence
 Horace speaks of a deformed woman as “Depygis.”

BOOK IV.

XLVIII. TO PAPILUS.

Percidi gaudes, percisus, Papile, ploras.
Cur, quae vis fieri, Papile, facta doles?
Poenitet obscenae pruriginis? an magis illud
Fles, quod percidi, Papile, desieris?

You rejoice in being sodomised: when you have been sodomised, Papilus,¹ you weep. Why, Papilus, do you grieve for what you desire to be done? Are you ashamed of your filthy lust, or do you rather grieve because you still long to be sodomised, Papilus?

What! want to be buggered, and cry when it's done!
Here clear contradictions seem blended!
Do you grieve that the sodding was ever begun,
Or lament that the pleasure is ended?

(¹) The epigram is addressed to Papilus, a catamite, who desired to be sodomised, and then, when he had been sodomised, wept. The poet derisively asks, what was the reason of his grief; whether he was sorry for having suffered himself to commit such filthy practices, or whether his grief arose from the fact that his rectum was no longer titillated by a penis.

Aristotle remarks that "Omne animal post coitum est triste." This cannot arise from a sense of shame, for animals have not this feeling. Why, then is it so? From the intense excitement, which is naturally followed by a depression of spirits. Martial, however facetiously gives another explanation, *i.e.*, that his grief arose because it was all over.

B O O K V I.

XXXVI. TO PAPILUS.

Mentula tam magna est, quantus tibi, Papile, nasus,
 Ut possis, quotiens arrigis, olfacere.

Your penis is so large, and your nose so long, Papilus,
 that when you have an erection, you can smell it.

Your nose is such a lengthy nose ;
 Your prick, when fancies swell it,
 To such divine dimensions grows,
 You need'nt stoop to smell it.

A satire on Papilus who had a long nose and a large
 prick, the meaning of which is sufficiently obvious. *the things go too*

XXXVII. TO CHARINUS, A CATAMITE.

Secti podicis usque ad umbilicum
 Nullas reliquias habet Charinus,
 Et prurit tamen usque ad umbilicum.
 O quanta scabie miser laborat !
 Culum non habet, est tamen cinaedus.

Charinus with his arsehole split up to his navel, has
 nothing left of it, and yet he is lascivious up to the navel.

Oh, how horribly is the wretch afflicted! He has no arsehole, and yet he is a catamite.

Cracked is the very foundation
 Of joys that Charinus must mourn,
 Still worshipped in deep adoration,
 Tho' the seat of enjoyment is gone;
 No more blessings the gods dream of granting,
 With curses the poor wretch enclasp,
 Leaving luckless Charinus still panting
 For pleasures he's no power to grasp.

Charinus was a catamite, and in consequence of the excessive relaxation of the sphincter ani, or rather perhaps the rupture of it, there was simply one gigantic chasm, as deep as from the pubes to the navel, *i.e.* about the length of a good-sized penis. Consequently being sodomised could no longer be a pleasure to him from the absence of friction, and yet he was filled with lustful desires. Imagine then, says Martial, how horrible the state of Charinus, to have all the desire for passive sodomy, yet be unable to gratify this lech, which all men, old and young, strong and weak, can indulge in.

LVI. TO CHARIDEMUS.

Quod tibi crura rigent setis et pectora villis,
 Verba putas famae te, Charideme, dare?
 Extirpa, mihi crede, pilos de corpore toto
 Teque pilare tuas testificare nates.
 "Quae ratio est?" inquis; scis multos dicere multa
 Fac paedicari te, Charideme, putent.

Because your thighs are rough and hairy, and your breast shaggy, do you think, Charidemus,¹ that you give the lie to

rumour? Pluck out, believe me, the hairs from your whole body and show that you shave your buttocks. "Why?" say you. "You know that many² men say many things; make³ them think that you are sodomised, Charidemus.

Since your visage gives rumour the lie
And your chest and limbs rough as a mat,
You think you may rumour defy
And men won't suspect what you're at.
To vanquish an ill name, a man
Must be with half victories content:
Flat denials are useless, his plan
Is to throw prying friends off the scent.
Shave your arsehole as smooth as your tongue,
Thus draw men's attention to it;
To prove speech the sole use of the one,
Tell them t'other's not only to shit.

¹ Charidemus in order to show that he was not addicted to effeminate habits, boasted his hirsute and manly limbs. But the poet hints that there are other members that can be prostituted to vicious habits. Now, if he shaved his body, it would give rise to the suspicion that he was a catamite. But his real specialité was far less venial than this, *i.e.* he gamahuched. Charidemus is a name that signifies one who courts the good opinion of the world. By your "rough and hairy thighs" you hope to appear manly and to give the lie to your unmanly pursuits.

² "Many men say many things," *i.e.* there are various rumours as to the nature of your lech, and people are always talking about it.

³ Make people think you are a catamite, this will throw them off the scent, and they will not discover that you are guilty of a far more horrible vice, that is, that you are a gamahucher.

LXXXI. TO CHARIDEMUS.

Iratuſ tanquam populo, Charideme, lavaris :
 Inguina ſic toto ſubluiſ in ſolio.
 Nec caput hic vellem ſic te, Charideme, lavare ;
 Et caput, ecce, lavas : inguina malo laves.

You bathe yourſelf, Charidemuſ,¹ as if you were wroth² with the world ; ſo thoroughly do you waſh your penis in the whole of the tub. Nor would I have you waſh your face therein, and lo ! you plunge it in : I would rather you waſhed your penis [than your head].

What malice moves you that you take delight
 In ſcattering your waſhings left and right ?
 There's not a ſingle ſpot in all the tub,
 In which you have not given John a rub.
 Yet where I'm going to bathe, I'd far more dread
 To ſee you waſh that dirtier thing—your head.

(¹) Charidemuſ gamahuched (whether men or women or both, is not mentioned), and the ſting of this epigram is, that hiſ mouth waſ fouler than hiſ penis: the idea being that aſ he received within the lips the produce of ſome dozen generative organs, hiſ mouth contained the fetid flavors of a variety of private parts, whereas in the caſe of hiſ penis there waſ only one polluting principle.

(²) “Wroth.” That is, aſ if you took a vicious pleaſure in annoying thoſe who bathe after you by thuſ defiling the water.

BOOK VII.

XVIII. TO GALLA.

Cum tibi sit facies, de qua nec femina possit
 Dicere, cum corpus nulla litura notet,
 Cur te tam rarus cupiat repetatque fututor,
 Miraris? Vitium est non leve, Galla, tibi.
 Accessi quotiens ad opus mixtisque movetur
 Inguinibus cunnus, non tacet, ipsa taces.
 Di facerent, ut tu loquereris et ille taceret :
 Offendor cunni garrulitate tui.
 Pedere te vellem : namque hoc nec inutile dicit
 Symmachus et risum res movet ista semel.
 Quis ridere potest fatui poppysmata cunni ?
 Cum sonat hic, cui non mentula mensque cadit ?
 Dic aliquid saltem clamosoque obstrepe cunno,
 Et si adeo muta es, disce vel inde loqui.

Seeing that you have a face with which no woman would compare¹ her own; seeing that no blemish² mars your body, you ask with wonder why the lover so seldom desires you, and why he so seldom repeats his visits. Your fault is no light one, Galla. As often as I come to the scratch, and we heave with our blended privates, your cunt is not silent³; you are. Would to heaven that you might speak, and this hold its peace. I am offended at the noisiness of your cunt. I would rather you farted, for

Symmachus maintains that this is of some utility, and the very thing makes one laugh. Who can laugh at the flopping sound⁴ of a stupid cunt? when this strikes its note, whose prick and spirits do not droop? Say something at any rate, and gag your clamorous quim, and if you are so silent take a lesson in eloquence from it.

Oh Galla! with thy charming face
 No woman durst her own compare,
 Thy every movement's full of grace,
 No blemish mars thy body fair!
 Yet seldom lovers thee desire,
 And if one once enjoys thy charms,
 Why feels he not again love's fire,
 Why hastes not back to seek thy arms?
 No trifling fault is thine, I say,
 Oh Galla! when in amorous joys
 We heave our blended limbs in play,
 Thy cunt emits a senseless noise:
 It is not silent, but thou art—
 Ah, would it held its peace awhile.
 If Galla thou did'st merely fart,
 Far better that, t'would raise a smile.
 If Symmachus can be believed,
 Some use is found in such slight slips,
 But who can smile, and not be grieved
 When senseless privates smack their lips?
 When this is heard, the spirits flag,
 And pricks resolve to inert matter:
 Galla, thy noisy privates gag,
 Or from them teach thy tongue to chatter.

(1) "No woman would compare." No woman however jealous can point out a single defect in you. No woman would pretend to be your equal, much less think herself more beautiful than you.

(²) Some commentators explain this to mean that there is no occasion for her to conceal artificially the wrinkles on her belly, since there were none. After child-bearing (as we learn from an amusing dissertation in Bayle's Dictionary, by the way, among other works), women often have wrinkles at the extremity of the belly, near the mons veneris and the groin; and some women naturally. This seems especially to have displeased the classical connoisseurs. However I am inclined to think that this interpretation is a little forced, and I prefer to take it simply to mean that she was faultless.

(³) I do not exactly know what Martial means by Galla's affair not being silent, and the commentators do not lend me any assistance. The following is suggested as a probable explanation. When women have the whites or any vaginal discharge, whether from weakness or want of cleanliness, an excess of moisture arises, and there is as it were a slight "flopping" sound similar to that which arises when a woman is poked a second time straight off without withdrawing the penis, and both these sounds are similar to the noise that can be made by putting the finger between the lips and moving it backward and forward. For the rest, it is as clear as the noonday, that Galla was a wretched "performer," and lay like a "sack of sand" as the phrase goes. And more, she never even feigned pleasure by ejaculating "oh's and ah's," and sighs, etc. This seems to have been highly gratifying to our forefathers. Juvenal mentions the women sighing out *Zωη και ψυχη*, "my life, my soul," and now-a-days French women of pleasure are more loquacious than English ones and they cry out voluptuously in *mediis rebus*, "Oh mon cher, quel plaisir!"

(⁴) *Poppysma* is any blandishment (applied to the patting of horses not yet broken in, in order to make them quiet,) used to gain a favour from anybody, so we say metaphorically, "Pat him on the back, and you can get anything out of him." *Poppysma* is properly used as applied to the sound which is made when the mouth is pressed close and the lips come into contact sharply, as happens also when

any one is kissed amorously, or greedily, if we may use such an expression. The sting in the satire is this. The *Poppysma* which you ought to make with your lips, *i.e.* in kissing me amorously, is transferred to your cunt, and calls up unpleasant ideas which are apt to relax my energies.

XXXV. TO LAECANIA.

Inguina succinctus nigra tibi servus aluta
 Stat, quotiens calidis tota foveris aquis.
 Sed meus, ut de me taceam, Laecania, servus
 Iudaeum nuda sub cute pondus habet,
 Sed nudi tecum iuvenesque senesque lavantur.
 An sola est servi mentula vera tui?
 Ecquid femineos sequeris, matrona, recessus,
 Secretusque tua, cunne, lavaris aqua?

Your slave stands by your side with his privates carefully bound with a black leather pouch¹ whenever you bathe your entire person in warm water. But my slave, Laecania, not to mention myself, does not keep his appendages, like a Jew,² under cover. But we, both young and old, take our bath naked with you. Has your slave alone got a real³ prick? Are you so prudish a matron as to retire to the women's private chamber, and do you, cunny, bathe secretly in what you keep entirely for yourself.⁴

Your slave keeps his place by your side
 With his privates all safe hid away,
 When you in the bath's tepid tide
 Your naked attractions display;
 My slave, not to mention yours truly,
 Never hides from the company's view,
 That appendage surnamed the unruly,
 As a Jewish apostate might do;

And with you, surely, every one swims,
 And common to all are the waves
 That kiss and play over your limbs;
 Is the only true prick, then, your slave's?
 Do you from a matron's reserve
 To a private apartment resort,
 Or in streams that you strictly preserve,
 Oh cunt! don't you secretly sport?

(1) Laecania, when she went to the bath, ordered her slave to wait upon her with his drawers on, contrary to the usual habits of the Romans. Now as others all bathed in a state of nudity promiscuously with the women, among whom was Laecania, her orders could not have been given (as she would have us believe), from modesty. What then is the real reason? Why, she was a woman of such insatiate passions, that she was afraid her slave would expend his energies on other women. And this is clearly shewn at the end of the epigram, for Martial sarcastically observes, you sneak off into some private room, and there your cunt takes a secret bath in that spend, one drop of which it grudges to run the risk of losing. Leather pouch—*Aluta*, something that conceals the genitals. From this epigram, as well as from other passages, it appears that appliances were used which restrained the penis "from active service." This question is fully discussed in the note on Epigram lxxxii. of this Book, to which we refer our readers.

(2) Persons known to be Jews were heavily fined: they generally therefore wore drawers to conceal their circumcised state. See *infra*, Ep. lv.

(3) That is, as Lemaire suggests, "is your slave alone a real man! Compare Epig. lviii. of this Book, "It is difficult, Galla, to marry a real man." Thus a real or true prick means here a prick that keeps to the straight and narrow path of cunt and doesn't wander into mouths, arse-holes, navels, armpits or "where you will."

(4) Quite literally, "And do you, cunt, bathe in secret in your own water," that is, of course, "you are privately fucked by your slave, whose energies you reserve entirely to yourself."

LV. TO CHRESTUS.

Nulli munera, Chreste, si remittis,
 Nec nobis dederis remiserisque:
 Credam te satis esse liberalem.
 Sed si reddis Apicio Lupoque
 Et Gallo Titioque Caesioque,
 Lingas non mihi,—nam proba et pusilla est,—
 Sed quae de Solymis venit perustis
 Damnata modo mentulam tributis.

If you make no one any return for presents, Chrestus,¹ and have neither given or made any return to me, I will consider you fairly liberal. But if you give presents to Apicius,² and Lupus, and Gallus, and Titius, and Caesius; you shall not suck my pego (for it is honourable and small withal) but that of my slave, who came here when Jerusalem was burnt, and which has lately been condemned to pay the tribute.³

If you get all you can from your friends,
 Nor requite with a "thank you," or smile,
 When like treatment my presents attends,
 Your behaviour, believe me, shan't rile:
 But if Gallus and others you use
 With your lips and your tongue to repay,
 Both I and my prick must refuse
 To receive the same favours as they:
 For my pego is small and intact,
 Let my slave's, if you like this provision,

Who came here when Salem was sacked,
 Fill your chops up with his circumcision :
 Already it's seen evil days,
 First sliced and then taxed for a Jew,
 So I think no objection he'll raise,
 To a gamahuche even from you.

(¹) Chrestus has received presents from me and has given me nothing in return, but he has paid in full mouth fuckers, who have made him presents, by sucking their pricks, satisfy my debt then, says Martial, not by sucking my prick but that of my slave, who is a Jew.

(²) Apicius, etc., names of men whom Chrestus gamahuched.

(³) Domitian levied a tribute on Jews. Many to escape paying this tax, said they were not Jews, and in cases of doubt, they were forthwith "examined," and so, if they were circumcised, they were discovered and made to pay. Facetiously therefore does Martial say the prick was condemned to pay tribute.

LVIII. TO GALLA.

Iam sex aut septem nupsisti, Galla, cinaedis,
 Dum coma te nimium pexaque barba iuvat.
 Deinde experta latus madidoque simillima loro
 Inguina nec lassa stare coacta manu,
 Deseris imbelles thalamos mollemque maritum
 Rursus et in similes decidis usque toros.
 Quaere aliquem Curios semper Fabiosque loquentem,
 Hirsutum et dura rusticitate truem.
 Invenies : sed habet tristis quoque turba cinaedos :
 Difficile est vero nubere, Galla, viro.

Thou hast already led to the nuptial couch, six or seven catamites, Galla:¹ seduced by their delicate coiffure and combed beard. Having thus tried loins and pricks resembling soaked leather, which could not be made to stand by all the efforts of the wearied hand, thou desertest the effeminate bed and the pathic husband, and yet thy couch² is not more blessed. Look out for some one rough and unpolished as the Curii and Fabii, and fierce in his uncouth rudeness, you will find one, but even this stern crew has its catamites. It is difficult, Galla, to marry a real man.³

Galla already to your nuptial bed,
Full six or seven catamites you've led
Charmed with the curling locks and well trimmed
chin:

But wearied fingers try without effect
To raise priapus, leather like, erect,
Or kindle strength those feeble loins within.
Disgusted, you desist from such as these,
Nor longer try effeminates to please,

Desert the girlish spouse, the perfumed bed,
Yet meet no better fortune. Try one rough
As Curii or Fabii, harsh and tough,
Fierce and uncouth, unpolished, in their stead:
You'll find a lover of this class, 'tis true,
Yet still suspect, nor with too hopeful view

His hairy breast and large proportions scan,
For catamites mid'st this stern crew are found,
And, Galla, where these catamites abound,
'Tis hard, indeed, to find a real man.

(1) Galla was induced to believe that she had got hold of a real gallant from his polished manners and the delicate attention he bestowed on his personal appearance. These have been considered in all ages the trivialities that women specially delight in and would now pass for an accurate description of a "Lady's man" of modern days.

(²) Literally "and again you fall into similar couches." Such was the universal depravity of Rome—men were so worn out by repeated vicious indulgences that it was no easy matter for a woman to get satisfied by her lover.

(³) A real man. See above, note (3), on Epigram xxxv. of this Book. There are, says the poet, some who profess the stern morality of the Socratic and Stoic Schools, and yet are addicted to abominable habits, and so Juv. Sat. II. v. 8.

—————Quis enim non vicus abundat,
Tristibus obscoenis.

LXII. TO AMILLUS.

Recluis foribus grandes percidis, Amille,
Et te deprendi, cum facis ista, cupis,
Ne quid liberti narrent sèrvice paterni
Et niger obliqua garrulitate cliens.
Non paedicari se qui testatur, Amille,
Illud saepe facit, quod sine teste facit.

You open your doors and bugger tall youths, Amillus,¹ and when you play this game, you are pleased to be surprised; lest the freedmen and your father's slaves, and some talkative client, should with his suggestive gossip² say something. A man who takes credentials³ to prove that he is not a passive sodomite, often does—what can be done without credentials.

Amillus, you open your doors to all eyes,
When some fine strapping youth you'd enjoy,
And you're only too pleased should some person surprise
You at work on the back of the boy,
Lest some freedman or slave that your father had bought,
Should suspect inconvenient home truths,

Or some client suggest that it was'nt for naught
 That you fancied such lusty tall youths.
 You would prove that you do, as you're never done by,
 And convince the whole world, north and south :
 So I'll credit that naught in your arse did e'er lie
 That had not been first in your mouth.

(¹) When Amillus went with his tall slaves into a room, it naturally excited curiosity, and people were tempted to have a peep and surprise him. This Amillus knew, and in order to conceal his real vice, he made a point of sodomising them openly, and then people would say, Amillus, a catamite, or prick-sucker! oh nonsense, I saw him myself having a boy the other day.

(²) *Obliquus*—suggestive by inuendo, double entendre as the French say. See *Facciolati et Forcellini sub voce "obliquus."*

(³) *Credentials*. The word *testis*, in Latin, means a witness and also a testicle. There is no English equivalent to express this, that I am aware of. *Credentials* seems the nearest approach to it, and even then we strain a point by making credentials a personal witness or witnesses instead of written corroborative proof. The meaning is plain. The man who goes out of his way to make people think that his favourite peccadillo is active sodomy, naturally excites our suspicions, and he who takes witnesses (*credentials*) to prove this, often does something in which testicles (*credentials*) are not necessary; that is to say—in private he gets bugged, and he gamahuches, neither of which operations require him to use his testicles.

LXVII. TO PHILAENIS, A TRIBADE.

Paedicat pueros tribas Philaenis
 Et tentigine saevior mariti

Undenas vorat in die puellas.
 Harpasto quoque subligata ludit
 Et flavescit haphe, gravesque draucis
 Halteras facili rotat lacerto,
 Et putri lutulenta de palaestra
 Unci verbere vapulat magistri :
 Nec cenat prius aut recumbit ante,
 Quam septem vomuit meros deunces ;
 Ad quos fas sibi tunc putat reverti,
 Cum coliphia se decim comedit.
 Post haec omnia cum libidinatur,
 Non fellat—putat hoc parum virile—,
 Sed plane medias vorat puellas.
 Di mentem tibi dent tuam Philaeni :
 Cunnum lingere quae putas virile.

Philaenis, the tribade,¹ sodomises boys, and more fiercely passionate than a lewd husband, gamahuches eleven girls a day.² With her dress tucked up also she plays with the handball, and covers herself with sand,³ and whirls with an easy arm dumb bells heavy enough for the stoutest athletes, and all over dust from the stinking arena, she is whipped⁴ by the greasy fencing master : nor does she sup or lie down at table before she has vomited⁵ seven tumblers of neat wine, and when she has eaten sixteen tonic cakes,⁶ she thinks it right to return to her cups. After all this, when she is lecherous she does not suck pricks. She thinks this hardly manly but she regularly devours the quims of girls. May the Gods clothe thee in thy right mind,⁷ Philaenis, thou that thinkest it manly to gamahuche women.

Abhorrent of all natural joys,
 Philaenis sodomises boys,
 And like a spouse whose wife's away
 She drains of spend twelve cunts a day.
 With dress tucked up above her knees
 She hurls the heavy ball with ease,

And, smeared all o'er with oil and sand,
 She wields a dumb bell in each hand,
 And when she quits the dirty floor,
 Still rank with grease, the jaded whore
 Submits to the schoolmaster's whip
 For each small fault, each trifling slip :
 Nor will she sit her down to dine
 Till she has spewed two quarts of wine :
 And when she's eaten pounds of steak
 A gallon more her thirst will slake.
 After all this, when fired by lust,
 For pricks alone she feels disgust,
 These cannot e'en her lips entice
 Forsooth it is a woman's vice !
 But girl's she'll gamahuche for hours,
 Their juicy quims she quite devours.
 Oh, you that think your sex to cloak
 By kissing what you cannot poke,
 May God grant that you, Philaenis,
 Will yet learn to suck a penis.

(1) Tribade—all the commentators, without exception, explain this passage to mean that Philaenis has boys in the anus τῷ ὀλισβεῖ *i.e.* with the dildo. But this, I think gives a wrong idea, and as the prevalent opinions on the subject of tribadism are most erroneous, a few words will not be out of place, (compare *e.g.* Stephanus Thesaurus, s. v. τριβας). Tribadism properly so called is well defined by F. C. Forberg, Apophoreta, cap. vi. p. 345. Tribades (from τριβω to rub), are women who have such a large clitoris that they can use it as a prick, either for poking or sodomising. The clitoris is sometimes large naturally, and sometimes it becomes so from constant friction. The clitoris of the tribade grows stiff, it enters a quim or an anus, and affords a most agreeable sensation to the woman who is operated upon. In fine the tribade does everything a male lover can do except spend. The correctness of this opinion of Forberg is borne out by Lucian, Dial. Meretric. V.,

where a woman gives an account of an adventure with a tribade. The latter says, "My mind, my passion and every thing else is masculine. . . . Come Leaena, look here, and you will see I am in no way inferior to men; *for I have something in the place of the virile member.*" Leaena says that after this, she "copulated with the tribade as with a man," and that the tribade "kissed her rapturously, panted, heaved, and appeared to experience the greatest pleasure. Shame," adds Leaena, "prevents my entering into further particulars."

The word tribas, however, is also used loosely of any lewdness between women in modern times, as masturbation with the fingers, a dildo, or the neck of a bottle, etc., *provided it is done by one woman to another*, but as far as our researches have gone, we have grave doubts about tribas being thus loosely used in ancient times. In Ep. xc. Book I, Martial says of a tribade, that she joins two cunts together, which would be absolutely untrue of a dildo. So Lucian de Amor., says of Philaenis *ἀνδρογύνους ἐρωτας ἀσχημονοῦσα* "vilely usurping half manly loves," and just above he says, "women lie with women as a man does." As to the use of the dildo we learn from Suidas, s.v. *ὀλσβος* that it was made of skin and resembled the male organ: it was used by the women of Miletus, and by old women, and he quotes a passage from Cratinus, "ugly women use dildoes."

(²) I may here notice a singular blunder of Simon, the French translator, for he gives "plus furieuse encore apres les caresses lubriques de son epoux." But the sting of the satire is in Philaenis's affectation of male vices, how then could Simon introduce anything so at variance with the tenor of the epigram, and so tame? The antithesis clearly is in this, that when Philaenis gamahuches these girls, her lust is more fierce than their husbands' or gallants', that is, no man ever performs his sexual functions (which are natural), with such fire as Philaenis pursues her unnatural lust. In our verse translation we have modernised this idea, as in

these days of "mariages de convenance," a lewd husband is like the dodo, an extinct species.

(³) Haphe is the yellow sand with which wrestlers, after being anointed, had to be sprinkled to enable them to hold each other.

(⁴) Flogging. I do not think that this is at all connected with the well known lustful effect the birch has for both man and woman. The ancients seem not to have appreciated this. The meaning is, she goes in so thoroughly for the lowest kind of gymnastics as practised by gladiators, that she falls under the same category as these worthies, and as the fencing master or gladiatorial trainer had the *jus virgae* (or right to flog) over gladiators, Philaenis submitted even to this indignity.

(⁵) When the Romans had taken a full amount of delicacies at dinner, instead of crying like the boy who had eaten so much beef that he had no room for plum pudding, in a far more philosophical spirit they made themselves sick, and started fair again, thus stultifying the popular adage that however rich a man may be, he can't eat two dinners a day.

(⁶) Coliphia, a kind of nourishing food for athletes. Calderini derives it from *κωλον ιφι* and this etymology is defended by Vitellius against Merula.

(⁷) That is, may the gods grant that your lust be feminine, facetiously said, and as it were *παρα προσδοκιαν*. We expected something like, "may the gods grant that you come to a proper state of mind, and quit the path of vice for good." The poet, however, elegantly says, "may she no longer gamahuche women," intimating that she may be left free to suck pricks; as above "non fellat—putat hoc parum virile." Her mind being so utterly debauched, more than this the gods could not be expected to grant. This special vice of women gamahuching women, seems to have been of rare occurrence, for we have the word *cunnilingus* and not *cunnilinga*.

LXX. TO PHILAENIS.

Ipsarum tribadum tribas, Philaeni,
Recte, quam futuis, vocas amicam.

Thou tribade of very tribades, Philaenis, rightly dost
thou call her whom thou fuckest, thy companion.¹

Tribade of tribades must Philaenis be !

She's not content with fingering and sucking ;
Well may she call her friend her chere amie,
She very nearly gives her down right fucking.

(1) There is a pun on the word "amica," which I have translated companion. Amica means in a good sense, "a female friend" applied to two women ; but as applied to a woman and a man, it is "a mistress," and so is used in a bad sense, just as the French call a mistress "chere amie," Now Philaenis calls a woman "amicam," but this, says Martial, must be taken in a bad sense, since Philaenis was a tribade, and therefore stood in the place of a man. See Athenaeus, Lib. XIV. cap. iv. For the rest of the words in this epigram that have a double meaning, see the notes to Epigram xc. Book I.

LXXV. TO A DEFORMED OLD WOMAN.

Vis futui gratis, cum sis deformis anusque.
Res perridicula est: vis dare, nec dare vis.

You wish to be fucked for nothing, when you are de-
formed and an old woman. 'Tis very ridiculous ! you wish
to give and yet you won't give.¹

Tho' deformed, old, and ugly as sin,
 For gratuitous fucking you tout,
 'Tis absurd, you request a put-in,
 And refuse in return to fork out.

(1) You wish to give (*i.e.* grant your favors), yet you do not wish to give (*i.e.* your money). But if you will have it that you grant your favours, you must pay all the same since you are an old woman. You are no longer the grantor, and yet you do not wish to put yourself in the position of a grantee, which in fact you are.

LXXXII. ON MENOPHILUS, WHO WAS CIRCUMCISED.

Menophili penem tam grandis fibula vestit,
 Ut sit comoedis omnibus una satis.
 Hunc ego credideram—nam saepe lavamur in unum—
 Sollicitum voci parcere, Flacce, suae :
 Dum ludit media populo spectante palaestra,
 Delapsa est misero fibula: verpus erat.

So large a pouch¹ covers the penis of Menophilus that it would alone be sufficient for all the actors.² I had thought (for we often bathe together), that he was anxiously preserving his voice, Flaccus. But as he was practising in the middle of the palaestra, before a crowd of spectators, his pouch slipped off: poor fellow! He was circumcised.

At the bath's entrance I have seen him pause
 While singling out the largest pair of drawers,
 A pair whose copious fulness would contain
 Within their folds the staff of Drury Lane :
 I always thought his parts he thus encased
 To shield his manhood from too great a waste,

But practising one day his vigorous stroke,
His drawers slipped off, and then the charm was broke ;
And all the crowd perceived the modest trick,
Was not to hide his length, but loss of prick.

(¹) From this epigram some commentators have attempted to prove that there were two kinds of fibula or "pouch," one by which the genitals were compressed at the same time that they were covered, and another which was a brass or silver ring put round the prepuce. This opinion however cannot be sustained. For Celsus distinguishes the ring from the fibula, and says that the fibula was put on when the ring was taken away; nor was it simply a garment, for that there was a ring is certain, either of silver or brass, and this was soldered by a blacksmith, that it might not be easily removed, and a blacksmith had to be employed when it was undone (refibulor). What then was that sheath or pouch that covered the penis according to Martial. It could not have been anything for the preservation of the voice (*i.e.* by putting a restraint on a man's copulation), for if so, of what use could it have been if it was so easily removed? nay fell off of its own accord! But the Jews made use of these drawers or pouches to conceal their circumcision. They could not be infibulated, as they had no prepuce. Now since all who were so infibulated wore the sheath (Theca) or pouch (aluta) either to cover it, or that the ring might not hurt them in walking, or as a protection, if the penis received any accidental blow, fibula is here used loosely by Martial, inasmuch as the *fibula* did not drop off, but the *sheath* or pouch which protected, or rather in this instance should have protected the fibula.

(²) Actors used to wear rings round the prepuce, (see preceding note), in order that their voices might not be injured by copulation.

BOOK IX.

XXVII. TO CHRESTUS.

Cum depilatos, Chreste, coleos portes
 Et vulturino mentulam parem collo
 Et prostitutis levius caput culis,
 Nec vivat ullus in tuo pilus crure,
 Purgentque saevae cana labra volsellae;
 Curios, Camillos, Quintios, Numas, Ancos,
 Et quidquid unquam legimus pilosorum
 Loqueris sonasque grandibus minax verbis,
 Et cum theatris saeculoque rixaris.
 Occurrit aliquis inter ista si draucus,
 Iam paedagogo liberatus et cuius
 Refibulavit turgidum faber penem:
 Nutu vocatum ducis, et pudet fari
 Catoniana, Chreste, quod facis lingua.

Though you keep your scrotum entirely free from hair, and your penis soft as a vulture's neck,¹ and your head smoother than the prostitued bottom of a catamite, and you have not a single hair on your thigh, and the tweezers oft² cleanse from hair your snow white lips; you talk of the Curii, the Camilli, the Quintii, the Numas, and the Anci, and all that we have read of these manly fellows, and you mouth out sternly grandiloquent words, and you storm at the vices of the stage and of your age. If in the middle of all this an active youth who has just left school, and whose

swelling penis the blacksmith has just released,³ comes up to you ; you beckon to him, and lead him aside, and shame forbids Cato's⁴ tongue to tell what Chrestus does.

Chrestus, though not two hairs your scrotum deck,
Though your prick's softer than the vulture's neck,
Though your mild face, effeminate smooth and plump,
Rivals the Pathic's prostituted rump,
And girlish in your hairless thighs and hips,
Art hides all trace of manhood in your lips ;
You talk of deeds the great, and good, and bold
Have done, with stern pomposity, and hold
Forth on the vices that corrupt the age ;
But while this virtuous war on vice you wage,
If some bright lad, who's just outgrown his school,
While thoughts of freedom swell his youthful tool,
Come up, you lead aside the sprightly boy,
And when replete of what you most enjoy,
Your Cato's tongue would never dare confess t' us,
How very much you had behaved like Chrestus.

(1) Chrestus delicately attended to his personal appearance to please his mistresses and lovers, and yet he went about crying "O tempora ! O mores !" and censuring the vices of his age like a second Cato the Censor. His penis was enervated and soft as the slender neck of a vulture. Vultures have no feathers on their neck, and Chrestus had, of course, shaved all round about his penis. It resembled a vulture's neck also in its thinness.

(2) "Oft," Lat. "crebrae." Others read *saevae*, Anglice "cruel," with reference to the "cruel tweezers," that is, as causing pain, but it seems better to read *crebrae*, and to refer it to the constant use of the tweezers, each hair as it showed itself being forthwith plucked out.

(3) See note on Book VII. Epig. lxxxii.

(4) The commentators seem to have missed the meaning here in many instances, *e. g.* Farnabius, who paraphrases "Shame forbids me telling what your tongue does, with which you profess to be a second Cato (or third, for there were two Catos) in morals;" but in doing this (which would lead us to infer that Chrestus was a prick-sucker) they have lost sight of the word "draucus," which I have translated "active youth," and which means literally "an active sodomite," and is always used in this bad sense. The true meaning is "You will be sodomised by the young fellow, and though you have been talking so morally, like another Cato, you will not dare to confess what has happened, for you do not speak of such things." Compare Book II. Epig. lxxxii., where the same idea is conveyed, and *lingua* is also used; and see Lemaire and Ramiresius on that passage.

XXXIII. TO FLACCUS.

Audieris in quo, Flacce, balneo plausum,
Matronis illic esse mentulam scito.

In whatever bath you hear shouts of applause, Flaccus, be assured that there is a prick for staid matrons.

When you hear the staid matrons give signs of delight
While bathing secure under cover,
It's not the fine swimmers their praises excite,
But a prick that they're chuckling over.

This requires no explanation. We have followed the reading "*matronis*" in the text; the common reading is *morionis*.

XLI. TO PONTICUS.

Pontice, quod nunquam futuis, sed pellice laeva
 Uteris et Veneri servit amica manus,
 Hoc nihil esse putas? scelus est, mihi crede, sed ingens,
 Quantum vix animo concipis ipse tuo.
 Nempe semel futuit, generaret Horatius ut tres;
 Mars semel, ut geminos Ilia casta daret.
 Omnia perdiderant, si masturbatus uterque
 Mandassent manibus gaudia foeda suis.
 Ipsam crede tibi naturam dicere rerum:
 "Istud quod digitis, Pontice, perdis, homo est."

Ponticus, because you never fuck, but use your whorish left hand¹ which serves to quench your lust, do you think this is nothing? Aye, but believe me it is an awful crime such as the mind can barely conceive. In truth, Horatius² fucked once to beget three sons: Mars fucked the chaste Ilia³ once, and she bore twins. But either had lost all, if they had frigged and procured vile pleasures with their hands. Believe me I tell you the true nature of things; "what you throw away with your fingers, Ponticus, is man."

While you never indulge in a woman's embrace,
 But rely on your whorish left hand,
 And call yourself chaste, yourself you debase
 By a crime men can scarce understand.
 Horatius once fucked the delight of his home,
 And three noble offspring she bore;
 And Mars lay but once with the mother of Rome,
 And made one and one into four.
 But if either their fingers in lust had imbrued,
 Nor with these good ladies had lain,

Those happy results would have never accrued;
 So listen while now I explain,
 What your fingers are recklessly throwing away
 Without stint or the least hesitation,
 Is God's divine image, repeated in clay,
 Is Man, our Lord's noblest creation!

(¹) From this we learn that the ancients usually employed the left hand, and so we have elsewhere, Book XI. *Epig.* lxxiii.

Succurrit pro te saepe sinistra mihi.

It was not, however, quite universal, for the right hand was sometimes employed. See Forberg's dissertation, "*de masturbando*," appended to his edition of "*Panormita's Hermaphroditus*."

(²) Horatius, the father of the three Horatii, who fought with the three Curiatii.

(³) Ilia, a vestal virgin, the mother of Romulus and Remus.

XLVII. TO PANNYCHUS.

Democritos, Zenonas inexplicitosque Platonas
 Quidquid et hirsutis squalet imaginibus,
 Sic quasi Pythagorae loqueris successor et heres,
 Praependet Samia nec tibi barba minor.
 Sed quod et hircosis serum est et turpe pilosis,
 In molli rigidam clune libenter habes.
 Tu, qui sectarum causas et pondera nosti,
 Dic mihi, pereidi, Pannyche, dogma quod est?

You talk of Democritus, Zeno, and the profound Plato

and the unshorn sages¹ with their austere aspect, as if you were the successor and heir of Pythagoras, and your beard in truth is as long as his,² but what the bearded loathed, and the unshorn thought villainous, you are glad to have, a stiff prick in your smooth bottom. Thou that knowest the principles and systems of sects, tell me, Pannychus, what dogma it is to be buggered?³

You talk of Democritus, Zeno, and Plato,
 The sages unshorn and austere,
 As if to the Samian's renown claim you lay to,
 And your beard is as long very near.
 But the bearded would loathe, and the virtuous un-
 shaven
 The act would regard with disgust,
 When you up your bum, that's as smooth as a raven,
 Exult a stiff prick to have thrust,
 Since you know the opinions and systems so well
 By philosophers ever embodied,
 Will you, Pannychus, do us the favour to tell
 Whose dogma it is to be sodded?

(¹) The stern and severe habits of the ancient sages were often hypocritically affected by vicious men. Somewhat similar is the Epigram on Galla, Book VII. Epig. 58, where Martial tells her that among this stern crew she will find catamites.

() "Nor bate thou him in bush of beard a hair."

(³) *i.e.* What sage taught you that it was virtuous to be sodomised? Who laid down this dogma?

The opening portion of the second satire of Juvenal may be compared with this epigram.

LVII. ON HEDYLUS.

Nil est tritius Hedyli lacernis :
 Non ansae veterum Corinthiorum,
 Nec crus compede lubricum decenni,
 Nec ruptae recutita colla mulae,
 Nec quae Flaminiam secant salebrae,
 Nec qui litoribus nitent lapilli,
 Nec Tusca ligo vinea politus,
 Nec pallens toga mortui tribulis,
 Nec pigri rota quassa mulionis,
 Nec rasum cavea latus bisontis,
 Nec dens iam senior ferocis apri.
 Res una est tamen,—ipse non negabit,—
 Culus tritior Hedyli lacernis.

Nought is more bare than the cloak of Hedylus: Not handles of old Corinthian ware, not the leg of a battered mule worn smooth by a ten years chain, nor its raw neck; not the ruts of the Flaminian road, not the bright pebbles of the sea shore; not that spade worn¹ down in digging Tuscany's vineyards; not the dead workman's threadbare² shroud; not the broken down wheel of the lazy muleteer: not the buffalo's flank worn against its rocky den; not the tusk of an old wild boar. Yet one thing is worn much smoother, and Hedylus will not deny it. His arse³ is barer than his cloak.

Friend Hedylus' cloak is a sight to behold,
 It's ragged, it's tattered, it's battered, it's old.
 Not the handles of flagons grow smoother from wear,
 Nor the legs of chained asses more mangy and bare,
 Not the ruts of a highway where market carts meet,
 Not the round shining pebbles on which the waves beat.

The rags of dead paupers, spades ground by the soil,
 Nor the cart wheel made bright in its circular toil,
 Not the flank of the bison, rubbed raw in his lair,

Not an old boar's white tusk ground down to a stump,
 Are so worn as old Hedylus' cloak, yet I'd swear
 That his cloak's much less worn than the hole in
 his rump.

(1) "*Ligonem interpretare laevigatum in fodiendis Etruriae vineis*," Lemaire.

(2) Pallens "threadbare." This is probably the meaning. The shroud, or toga, is pale from the nap being worn off; others take it as "white," and so of a poor man's shroud, as Censors were wrapt up in purple.

(3) Of course Hedylus' arse was bare and worn smooth from (1) its having every hair carefully plucked out, and (2) from constant performances, for Hedylus was a passive sodomite.

LXVII. TO AESCHYLUS.¹

Lascivam tota possedi nocte puellam,
 Cuius nequitias vincere nulla potest.
 Fessus mille modis illud puerile poposci:
 Ante preces totas primaque verba dedit.
 Improbis quiddam ridensque rubensque rogavi:
 Pollicita est nulla luxuriosa mora.
 Sed mihi pura fuit; tibi non erit, Aeschyle: si vis,
 Accipe et hoc munus conditione mala.

I passed a whole night with a lascivious girl, whose wickedness² no one could surpass. Tired of a thousand pranks, I begged that boyish favour,³ before my prayer was finished, my first utterance, 'twas granted. Smiling and blushing I asked for something worse,⁴ she voluptuously

promised it at once.⁵ But she was chaste to me. She will not be so to you, Aeschylus: if you want it, take this boon, but she will attach a condition.⁶

Last night the soft charms of an exquisite whore
 Fulfilled every whim of my mind,
 Till, with fucking grown weary, I begged something
 more,
 One bliss that still lingered behind.
 My prayer was accepted; the rose in the rear
 Was opened to me in a minute;
 One rose still remained, which I asked of my dear,—
 'Twas her mouth and the tongue that lay in it.
 She promised at once, what I asked her to do;
 Yet her lips were unsullied by me,
 They'll not, my old friend, remain virgins for you,
 Whose penchant exceeds e'en her fee.

(1) This epigram is evidently addressed to a man whose specialité was to be gamahuched.

(2) Nequitias, "wickedness," so we say playfully of an accomplished performer, "a wicked little devil," meaning that she was up to every dodge; in a word, an accomplished prostitute.

(3) Boyish favour, *i.e.*, I asked her to let me have her a *l'Italienne*.

(4) Something worse or literally more "shameless," *i.e.*, I asked her to gamahuche me.

(5) She made no objection on the score of filthiness, but promised to do it; however, she wanted so much extra that I couldn't afford it, and consequently she was quoad her mouth, chaste to me. But you, Aeschylus, won't grudge your money on your favourite vice; go to her then and be gamahuched.

(6) *Conditio mala*, literally "take this boon under an evil condition," similar to this use of *mala* is the phrase "to levy black mail."

LXIX. TO POLYCHARMUS.

Cum futuis, Polycharme, soles in fine cacare.

Cum paedicaris, quid, Polycharme, facis?

When you fuck, Polycharmus, you generally shit at the finish, but when you are sodomised what do you do, Polycharmus?

When you lie with a woman, at least so girls say,

You shit the same moment you come.

But what do you do, Polycharmus, I pray,

When a lovers stiff prick stops your bum?

BOOK X.

LV. ON MARULLA.

Arrectum quotiens Marulla penem
 Pensavit digitis diuque mensa est,
 Libras, scriptula sextulasque dicit.
 Idem post opus et suas palaestras
 Loro cum similis iacet remisso,
 Quanto sit levior Marulla dicit.
 Non ergo est manus ista, sed statera.

As often as Marulla¹ weighs a standing prick in her hand and scans its measure for some minutes, she tells off the pounds,² the pennyweights, and the quarter ounces, and when it lies still after its work and exercise like a piece of soft leather, Marulla tells how much lighter it is. Hers is no hand but a pair of scales.

The stalwart prick, just risen to invade her,
 Placid Marulla handles as it swells,
 And calmly poising, like a cautious trader,
 Its weight in pounds and quarter ounces tells:
 And when the feeble thing no longer stands,
 Slack, soddened, and now impotent for pleasure.

Again the jade will take it in her hands,
And note the difference in its weight and measure.
With systematic, calculating ways,
The wayward joy she cruelly assails;
Not hers the coaxing touch that bids love blaze,
Hers is no hand—it is a huckster's scales.

(¹) Marulla was a lecherous young damsel who was evidently fond of looking at and handling the "old gentleman," and of great experience.

Libra or pounds—to about 12 ounces, Scriptulum nearly one-twentieth of an ounce, Sextula one-sixth of an ounce.

LXXXI. ON PHYLLIS.

Cum duo venissent ad Phyllida mane fututum
Et nudam cuperet sumere uterque prior,
Promisit pariter se Phyllis utrique daturam,
Et dedit: ille pedem sustulit, hic tunicam.

Two men came one morning to fuck Phyllis,¹ and each wished to be the first to have her naked: Phyllis promised that she would grant her favours to both equally, and she performed her promise: one lifted up her leg, the other her bustle.

Two lovers one day knocked at Phyllis's door,
To have the first roger each wanted,
As neither would yield, she obligingly swore
It to each at one time should be granted.
Then she lifted her garments before and behind,
And bid each be his pleasure pursuing,
They went in together, at once 'gan to grind,
And at once made an end of their wooing.

Another version—

Two youths came one morning fair Phyllis to fuck,
 And quarrelled which of them should have that
 good luck,
 But she vowed that for each she a place would soon
 find,
 Stuck one prick in before and the other behind.

(¹) I conceive the meaning to be that one had her “au naturel,” and the other “à l’Italienne,” ἄμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω λεύσσουσα. D. Calderini however maintains that there is a pun on the word “sustulit,” which means “to raise,” *i.e.*, to raise her legs over her lover’s bottom for greater convenience, and which is a favourite euphemism = “to poke,” and also “to carry off.” So that the meaning would be that she gave to the one her favours and to the other her dress, *i.e.* she pulled off her drawers and threw them at the head of the rejected gallant. But if this phrase means that the unfortunate lover had her drawers, how does Phyllis fulfil her promise? Again, if it means “to poke,” how does she contrive that both should poke her *first*. Lemaire’s quotation from Juvenal, in support of this view, has no reference whatever to this passage, and merely shews that the ancients, like the moderns, used periphrases to express the Venereal Act. I therefore adhere to the meaning given at the head of this note: in plain language, one fucked her and the other buggered her. I have taken a slight liberty in translating “tunica,” “bustle,” but I know no other article of female attire the removal of which would be suggestive of sodomy, except the bustle. I am aware that men wear “puzzle bugger” coats, but they have not to the writer’s knowledge their counterpart at the court milliners. The epigram appears to me to have no other object in view, than humourously to illustrate the ingenious stratagems harlots will adopt to satisfy their lovers.

XC. TO LIGIA.

Quid vellis vetulum, Ligia, cunnum ?
 Quid busti cineres tui laccessis ?
 Tales munditiae decent puellas.
 Nam tu iam nec anus potes videri.
 Istud, crede mihi, Ligia, belle
 Non mater facit Hectoris, sed uxor.
 Erras, si tibi cunus hic videtur,
 Ad quem mentula pertinere desit.
 Quare si pudor est, Ligia, noli
 Barbam vellere mortuo leoni.

Why dost thou pluck each hair from thy aged cunt
 Ligia ?¹ Why rouse the embers of thy deadened lust ?²
 Such delicacy³ befits girls; for now thou canst not appear even
 an old woman.⁴ This, believe me, Ligia, Hector's mother,
 does not with grace, but Hector's wife. Thou art wrong if
 thou thinkest it a cunt, at which no prick can stand.
 Wherefore if thou hast a particle of shame, Ligia, beard
 not the dead lion.⁵

Why pluck the bristles from your worn out cleft,
 Hoary and grizzled by time's onward march ?
 For wanton tricks you've no excuses left,
 Age should be all propriety and starch.
 Let blooming girls their tender pussies trim,
 Those pouting buds expect some pleasure after ;
 My wife might charm me if she dressed her quim,
 But my grandmother would provoke my laughter.
 That is no cunt at which no prick can stand,
 The whitened embers of young lust's spent force ;
 Then cast the tweezers from your palsied hand,
 Nor beard the once fierce lion's rotting corse.

(1) *i.e.* That it may appear more tender and more youthful.

(2) Literally, "Why stir up the ashes of thy tomb." This is, of course, a metaphor=why do you rouse the ashes and the dead embers of your extinguished and buried lust.

(3) Delicacy "*munditiae*," *i.e.* such extreme neatness and carefulness about the outward appearance of "Fanny."

(4) The meaning is, "you are neither a girl nor an old woman," *i.e.* you cannot be even a respectable dame, since all this "titivating" befits not age.

(5) Literally, "Do not pluck the beard of the dead lion," in allusion to the proverb, "to beard the lion," that is, to provoke him to anger; the meaning is, in vain do you stimulate your aged cunt to lust, for it is dead to lasciviousness.

BOOK XI.

XXI. TO LYDIA.

Lydia tam laxa est, equitis quam culus aheni,
 Quam celer arguto qui sonat aere trochus ;
 Quam rota transmisso totiens intacta petauro,
 Quam vetus a crassa calceus udus aqua ;
 Quam quae rara vagos expectant retia turdos,
 Quam Pompeiano vela negata Noto ;
 Quam quae de phthisico lapsa est armilla cinaedo,
 Culcita Leuconico quam viduata suo ;
 Quam veteres braciae Britonis pauperis et quam
 Turpe Ravennatis guttur onocrotali.
 Hanc in piscina dicor fuisse marina.
 Nescio ; piscinam me fuisse puto.

¹ Lydia is as roomy² as the arse of the bronze horse, as the swift ring³ sounding shrilly with its brass bells, as the hoop so often untouched by the acrobat⁴ as he leaps through it ; as an old shoe soaked in muddy water ; as the large meshed nets made to catch the thrushes as they fly ; as the curtain of Pompey's⁵ theatre uninflated by the wind ; as the bracelet hanging loosely on the arm of a phthisical catamite ; as a mattress with no wool in it ; as the old breeches of a poor Briton ; as the foul throat of the cormo-

rant of Ravenna. 'Tis said that I had her in a tank of sea water ; I know not, I believe I had⁶ the tank.

The roomy Lydia's private parts surpass
 The lusty dray horse' elephantine arse ;
 Wide as the school boy's ringing iron hoop ;
 Vast as the ring the agile riders stoop
 And leap through neatly, touching not the side,
 As round and round the dusty course they ride ;
 Capacious as some old and well worn shoe,
 That's trudged the muddy streets since first 'twas new ;
 Stretched like the net the crafty fowler holds ;
 And drapery as a curtain's heavy folds ;
 Loose as the bracelet, gemmed with green and scarlet,
 That mocks the arm of some consumptive harlot ;
 Slack as a feather bed without the feathers ;
 And baggy as some ostler's well used leathers ;
 Relaxed and hanging like the skinny coat
 That shields the vulture's foul and flabby throat.
 'Tis said, while bathing once we trod love's path,
 I know not, but I seemed to fuck the bath.

(1) The poet has evidently just had an unsatisfactory performance with Lydia.

(2) This line is excessively difficult, and we cannot venture to say that any interpretation is entirely satisfactory. But we shall endeavour to give all the explanations worth mentioning that are to be found among the commentators, and add our own idea of the meaning to them ; leaving the sagacious reader to take his choice. Laxa, "roomy" and also "loose." The first meaning is evidently more appropriate to the first comparison, viz., to the arse of a bronze statue of a horse. But lower down the similes refer to "looseness" to which the reader's attention will be duly called. Calderini and Merula would prefer to take Lydia as

equivalent to the thigh of Lydia, and to read “lassa,” “tired,” instead of *laxa*. But this emendation is not only not supported by good MS. authority, but it is evidently inapplicable to several objects of comparison in the remainder of this epigram. These commentators take *equis*=*equi*, (which is quite correct), and they explain *equis aheni*, to mean a rest placed on the bars of the grate to support a kettle or caldron. Calderini’s words are, “an instrument by which a vessel is kept on the fire, for as a horse bears his rider, so the tripod, or rest, bears the caldron.” The idea then is, that as the rest is always bearing the caldron, so is Lydia’s thigh always supporting her lovers, and is consequently as worn down as is the brass rest. Simon (the French translator), takes a somewhat different view from this, he renders it, “*Lydia est ouverte et flasque comme le fond d’une chaudiere airaine à cheval sur son trepied.*” Thus he evidently understands the epigram of Lydia’s generative organs, and he takes *equis* (lit. rider,) for the kettle on the rest, and he makes his point of comparison between Lydia’s privates and the bottom of the kettle, which is a decided improvement on the first interpretation given. Another explanation is, that the *eques ahenus* is the celebrated Trojan horse, and the epithet “brazen” will probably apply to the armed men inside it. Of course the Grecian heroes had to get inside the animal at some aperture, and it is quite allowable for a poet to suggest facetiously that they entered by the bottom hole. In this case, of course, the idea is that Lydia’s affair is as large as that orifice through which the armed Grecian heroes passed into the horse. Our own opinion is, that the “*equis culus aheni*,” means merely the arse of a bronze statue of a horse. Now the huge statues about public buildings were always about five or six times as large as life. We may mention any of our own, for instance the lions that have just been put up in Trafalgar Square. Now as these bronze statues represented handsome horses with noble crests, etc., sculptors always chose entire horses as their models, and consequently the poet says *culus* and not *cunus*. It is

quite possible that it may be an allusion to some local statue lately erected in Rome, but of which now there is no trace. Martial says then that Lydia's affair is as large and roomy as the arse of a bronze horse, that is, as the arse of a horse about six times as large as life. Similarly there is a vulgar phrase common in the slums, "a cunt as large as a dray-horse's arse." In more polite circles a large affair is termed a "horse collar." The modern simile is "a cunt big enough to wash a baby in."

(3) Trochus, a "hoop." It was a bronze ring with bells attached, and was impelled by means of a hook with a wooden handle called the "Clavis."

(4) This line is excessively difficult. I follow those commentators who take "Petaurus" = "Petaurista" here. This gives excellent sense. Lydia's quim is as large as a hoop which an acrobat can leap through without touching the sides. The Petaurus, so far as we can make out, was a board moving up and down, with a person at each end, and supported in the middle, something like our see-saws, only much longer, and going to a greater height than is common among us. (Smith Dict. Ant.) Another explanation is our "up and down" at fairs: a large wheel revolving perpendicularly with seats. Le Grange on Juvenal XIV. 265, explains it, a board set up against a wall on which fowls fly up to roost at night. It will thus be somewhat similar to the "spring boards" used for jumping through "the traps" at our modern pantomimes. In any case we can only say with certainty that "the wheel" or "hoop," is some feat of agility practised in conjunction with the petaurus, as springing from it, and thence leaping through this hoop. But in real truth we have only the vaguest notions about the petaurus.

(5) I consider that the "looseness of the folds of the nymphae" is the subject of this comparison. That is, as loose as the curtains of a theatre when they are drawn back and hanging down in folds, uninflated by a draught. Simon has "Que le toiles du theatre de Pompée, qui ne

peuvent plus résister à la furie du vent," which is utterly wrong and sheer nonsense.

(6) Elphinstone is rather happy here :

Her I'm said to have caught in a pond of the sea,
The wide pond is the *whole* recollected by me.

XXII. TO A MASTURBATING SODOMITE.

Mollia quod nivei duro teris ore Galaesi
Basia, quod nudo cum Ganymede iaces,
— Quis negat? — hoc nimium est. Sed sit satis;
inguina saltem
Parce fututrici sollicitare manu.
Levibus in pueris plus haec, quam mentula, peccat,
Et faciunt digiti praecipitantque virum.
Inde tragus celeresque pili mirandaque matri
Barba, nec in clara balnea luce placent.
Divisit natura marem : pars una puellis,
Una viris genita est. Utere parte tua.

Seeing that you press with your rough and bearded mouth the soft lips of the fair Galaesus, and lie with the naked Ganymede; who denies it? This lust is excessive. But be content; at least forbear to excite their pricks with your whorish hand.¹ This commits a greater sin² against the beardless striplings than a prick, and fingers perform the act and accelerate the period of puberty. Then rapidly come rankness,³ and hair,⁴ and a beard, that make their mother stare, and they do not like to take their bath in broad daylight. Nature has made two divisions of man;⁵ one is born to love women: the other their own sex. Keep to your choice.

While fair Galaesus' tender lips still burn
With bristly kisses from his bearded lover,

To Ganymede for naked joys you turn,
 Fondling the charms your unchaste hands uncover ;
 Such lusts as these corruption's self would taint ;
 Bid still your whorish hand and wanton fingers,
 Nor prurient fancies prematurely paint
 In minds where innocence still faintly lingers.
 The hotbeds of your hands more taint instil
 In these smooth boys than those obscene embraces ;
 Too soon the place of man the striplings fill,
 And manly beards deform their boyish faces ;
 Such beards as make their startled mothers stare,
 And wonder at their fruit's unripe perfection,
 While the mock men will fly the daylight's glare,
 Avoid the bath to shun their shame's detection.
 Some men their love in womankind must slake ;
 There're men who share their loves with men in
 common.
 Your choice forsake not, nor its limits break,
 And keep your fingers from what's meant for woman.

(1) This epigram is addressed to an abandoned wretch who not only sodomised boys, but masturbated them during the performance. By so doing he makes them spend before the time that nature has appointed. This is very true : boys who are initiated early into the pernicious habit of masturbating, spend before they are thirteen in some instances ; whereas the usual age is fifteen.

(2) This injures them more than sodomising them, for it teaches them to masturbate themselves and excites their youthful passions and consequently tends more to utterly corrupt their morals.

(3) Rankness, *i.e.* the smell of the armpits : and so the Greek *ραγος*, which is the same word, has a similar meaning. This peculiar smell was not supposed to arise from ordinary exercise, but only from the specific exercise of

venery. For the truth of this ancient notion we are not responsible.

(⁴) That the hair and the beard begin to grow at puberty is a fact, and there is also some truth in the observation concerning the rapid growth of hair after the sexual functions have been exercised. We doubt much whether Aristotle is correct in saying that venereal exercise creates moisture on the pubes and under the armpits, and that this assists in aiding the growth of the hair. But even if this is so, it will not help us to account for the beard which so surprises "dear mamma." They spurned the bath in broad daylight in public, because they thought that their premature developement of hair would betray their vicious precocity.

(⁵) Two divisions—that is, man may be divided into womanisers and pederasts: be content with one or the other. In your special instance it is sodomy: well, sodomise and be content, but do not give way to such unnatural lusts as masturbating others and thus depriving women of their rights.

XXV. TO LINUS.

*Illa salax nimium, nec paucis nota puellis
Stare Lino desit mentula. Lingua, cave.*

The prick of Linus, though very lascivious, and known to many girls, ceases to stand: beware, oh Tongue!

Linus's prick of rare renown,
Well known to every girl in town,
Cannot be coaxed to raise its head,
So Tongue beware you're not employed instead.

(1) We must not suppose that the epigram is addressed to the world and that they are to beware of Linus's tongue; this idea is directly opposed to the original. The antithesis is between Linus's prick and his tongue; Linus, says the poet, is such an insatiate fellow that I predict that when he is no longer able to get an erection he will take to gamahuching. Most beautifully and wittily then does the poet say "Beware, oh Tongue!" for you will have some dirty work before you, *i.e.* you will be inserted within the inner labia of a woman's affair.

XXVIII. TO EUCTUS ON NASICA.

Invasit medicum Nasica phreneticus, Eucte,
Et percidit Hylan. Hic, puto, sanus erat.

Nasica in a fit of frenzy, Oh Euctus, assaulted the physician Hylas, and effected his purpose. I take it he was in his sound senses.¹

Our friend, while reason tottered in her seat,
'Tis said, one day most eminently shocked her,
When handsome Dr. Hylas came to treat,
And have his fee, his patient in the heat
Of frenzy threw him down, and had the Doctor.
Far from his reason being on the wane,
The act, I take it, proves the patient sane.

(1) The readings here vary. Schneidewin gives "*Invasit medici Nasica phreneticus Eucti.*" In this instance we have rejected his text. The common reading is "*sicâ nephriticus,*" and with this, "*sicâ invasit*" will be "attacked with his dagger," and with the secondary meaning be "attacked

with his prick." This double meaning of *sica* is similar to the double meaning in the line—

Pro telo rigidâ meâ cecidi.

Catullus, *Carm.* LVI. line 6.

The idea is that some one loved Hylas to desperation, and feigning madness, rushed at him eagerly as if about to stab him, but not with the knife. There is a double meaning in "*invasit*" to "*assault*," and to "*assault for an indecent purpose*," *i.e.* the sodomitical act; similarly "*percidit*" has an ambiguity, meaning to stab or kill, and also to sodomise. Nasica feigns madness in order to have Hylas. Hylas thinking him mad is perhaps too frightened to resist, and so Nasica accomplishes his object. See Lemaire. Hylas was very handsome, and this act of Nasica in sodomising him betokened anything but madness. In fact, it was the most natural thing in the world. Therefore, friend Nasica, your madness, I opine, is all humbug.

With the reading "*Medici*," Hylas will be the physician's slave, and the idea will be precisely similar. We do not consider any of the readings satisfactory, but were we to offer any conjectural emendations, our criticisms would make us far outstep the limits allotted to us.

XXIX. TO PHYLLIS.¹

Languida cum vetula tractare virilia dextra

Coepisti, iugulor pollice, Phylli, tuo.

Nam cum me murem, cum me tua lumina dicis,

Horis me refici vix puto posse decem.

Blanditias nescis: "dabo" dic "tibi milia centum

Et dabo Setini iugera certa soli;

Accipe vina, domum, pueros, chrysendeta, mensas."

Nil opus est digitis: sic mihi, Phylli, frica.

When you begin to feel my limp penis with your wizened hand, your thumb² kills me, Phyllis. For when

you call me your mouse³ and the light of your eyes, I think I barely get over it in ten hours; you know not⁴ how to please; say "I will give you a hundred thousand sesterces, and a rich farm at Setium, pray accept wine, houses, slaves, gilt vases, tables;" you need not use your fingers,⁵ Phyllis, this is the way to excite me.

Oh, if ought of stiffness lingers,
 The palsied touch of those wan fingers
 Kills me outright, and but an hour's
 Exposure to the withering showers
 Of "ducks" and "darlings" pouring from your tongue
 Leaves what you love for half a day unstrung;
 Phyllis, you know not how to seize
 The happy knack to win and please;
 Bid me accept your house in town,
 Your country seat, ten thousand down;
 Forget your fingers, open wide your hand,
 For that's the way to make your Martial stand.

(1) Phyllis was the nurse of Domitian, and an old procuress. Under this name the poet ridicules a woman who in the hideousness of her old age, endeavoured by manipulation to give him an erection; and as the operation was unsuccessful, he gives her a hint how to get him up to the scratch, if she wishes to be poked; viz., by giving him presents.

(2) Kills me. That is when your wizened hand touches my prick, he hangs down his head as if dead.

(3) The ancients had an idea that a mouse was a most salacious animal. So Juvenal VI. 339, says of the holy rites of the Bona Dea "that a mouse, conscious of its manhood would flee," *i.e.* salacious as mice are, it would not see those religious rites where only women are present, *i.e.* its religious scruples would get the better of its lascivious-

ness. With the reading, "Vitam," may be compared Juvenal's—

Quoties intervenit illud,

Zōē kai ψυχή.

(⁴) I am not excited by the blandishments of an old woman who toys with me and annoys me.

(⁵) Compare Juv. Sat. VI. 296—

— Quod enim non excitat inguen
Vox blanda et nequam? digitos habet.

Words of endearment spoken lasciviously have all the erotic effects of manipulation. Hence Martial says, spare yourself the trouble of manipulation but speak those pleasing words, "I give you, etc."

XXX. TO ZOILUS.

Os male causicis et dicis olere poetis.
Sed fellatori, Zoile, peius olet.

You say lawyers and poets have foul¹ breath, but the breath of a gamahucher is fouler, Zoilus.

Foul-mouthed all lawyers and poets you call,
But the mouth of a tongue fucker's fouler than all.

(¹) *i.e.* on account of the slanders they utter, or perhaps (but less probably), an allusion to the fact that from their intense application their food was not properly digested.

Zoilus who makes this accusation, however, "perceiveth not the beam that is in his own eye," for as he is a gamahucher, his breath would be far fouler than than of lawyers or poets.

XLIII. TO HIS WIFE.

Depreſſum in puero tetricis me vocibus, uxor,
 Corripis et culum te quoque habere refers.
 Dixit idem quotiens lascivo Iuno Tonanti?
 Ille tamen grandi cum Ganymede iacet.
 Incurvabat Hylan poſito Tirynthius arcu:
 Tu Megaran credis non habuiſſe nates?
 Torquebat Phoebum Daphne fugitiva: ſed illas
 Oebaliuſ flammas iuſſit abire puer.
 Briſeis multum quamvis averſa iaceret,
 Aeacidae propior levis amicus erat.
 Parce tuiſ igitur dare maſcula nomina rebus,
 Teque puta cunnoſ, uxor, habere duoſ.

Wife,¹ you ſcold me with a harſh voice when I'm caught² with a boy, and you tell me you too have an arſehole. How often has Juno ſaid this to the luſtful Thunderer? and yet he lies with the tall Ganymede. The Tirynthian hero put down his bow and ſodomised³ Hylas. Do you think that Megara⁴ had no buttocks? Daphne as ſhe fled inſpired the love of Phœbuſ; but that flame was quenched by the Oebalian⁵ boy. However much Briſeis lay with her bottom turned towards him, the ſon of Aeacua⁶ found his beardleſſ friend⁷ more congenial to hiſ taſteſ. Forbear then to give maſculine nameſ to what you've got, and think that you, wife, have two cunth.⁸

My better half, why turn a peeviſh ſcold,
 When round ſome tender boy my armſ I fold,

And point me out that nature has designed
 In you as well a little hole behind?
 Has Juno ne'er said this to lustful Jove?
 Yet graceful Ganymede absorbs his love.
 The stout Tirynthian left his bow the while, as
 The lusty hero drove his shaft in Hylas:
 Yet think you Megara had not her bulls-eye?
 And startled Daphne turning round to fly,
 Her bottom lit a lust for virile joys
 Phoebus needs quench in the Oebalian boy's:
 However much Briseis towards Achilles
 Turned her white buttocks, fairer than twin lilies,
 He found below the smooth Patroclus' waist
 Enjoyment more congenial to his taste.
 Then give no manly names to back or front,
 A woman every where is only cunt.

(1) Martial's wife caught him sodomising a boy, and scolded him for it as being unnecessary, since if his passions directed him to commit the "sin against nature" she having an arsehole could gratify him.

(2) Caught in the very act.

(3) *Incurvabat* "lit." made crooked, hence placed in a convenient attitude for the sodomitical act by making Hylas lean over something as, *e.g.* a chair or a table. The idea is "bent" (which is the most convenient position for sodomy), as in the game of leap frog. The Tirynthian *i.e.* Hercules.

(4) Megara, the first wife of Hercules, whom he married when he was scarcely twenty. He killed her on his return from the infernal regions in a sudden fit of madness.

(5) Hyacinthus.

(6) Achilles.

(7) Patroclus.

(8) Do not think that the anus is equally agreeable in

women and men. Do not think that you have anything masculine about you.

XLV. TO CANTHARUS.¹

Intrasti quotiens inscriptae limina cellae,
 Seu puer arrisit, sive puella tibi,
 Contentus non es foribus veloque seraque,
 Secretumque iubes grandius esse tibi.
 Oblinitur minimae si qua est suspitio rimae
 Punctaque lasciva quae terebrantur acu.
 Nemo est tam teneri tam sollicitique pudoris,
 Qui vel paedicat, Canthare, vel fuit.

When you enter the door of the numbered² room, whether a boy or a girl has attracted you, you are not content with the door and the curtain and the bolt; but you order far greater secrecy for yourself. If there is a suspicion of the least crevice, it is daubed out, and so are the punctures made by a wanton's bodkin.³ No one, Cantharus, is so delicate and so uneasily modest who either sodomises or fucks.⁴

When Suburan dens you enter
 And securely bolt the door—
 Door whereon the painted number
 Marks the calling of a whore,
 Whether boy or girl allure you
 Bolt and door will not suffice,
 Nor the heavy hanging curtain
 Satisfy a mind so nice;
 If the smallest crack or crevice
 Find a place the wall within,
 Plugged it must be like the peep hole
 Punctured by the wanton's pin;

Cantharus, no man's so modest,
From what place or race he comes,
Who to please his passions, only
Fucks or sods, or cunts or bums.

(¹) This epigram is directed against a gamahucher who whenever he entered a bawdyhouse, whether he had a woman or a boy, carefully examined the room to look for the least crevice, even the puncture of a needle. Now no one who goes in for sodomy, or legitimate womanising, is so particular as all this, but a gamahucher would take all these precautions. In modern times this is reversed, a man who was going to sodomise a woman or a boy, would probably be very careful and cautious in seeing that he was not spied.

(²) "Numbered" lit. "with the names over the doors," which is difficult to translate in one word. "Numbered" gives, perhaps, the best idea. Professed harlots had their names inscribed over the doors of their rooms. These rooms or "cellae" were the harlots' bedrooms, not the brothel itself, which contained many of these "cellae." This method was very convenient for the public, as the prostitutes used to stand naked at the doors of their "cellae," that they might be inspected by the visitors of the bawdy-house, who turned them round and examined them to see that they had no secret blemishes.

(³) Bodkin, compare Tertullian de Virgine Velandā, c. 12.

(⁴) There is a beautiful antithesis here. No one, says Martial, is so careful of not being seen as an utter debauchee. So has Seneca remarked, and it holds good at the present day. But it may admit of another explanation. The fast man who has had the pleasure of peeping through crevices and chinks at other people, would naturally take care that he was not watched himself. But the idea Martial intends to convey is, that a man who fucks or sodomises

does not much care if he is seen, as these were mere peccadilloes, but he does care if he's seen gamahuching, therefore as Cantharus is so very cautious about crevices and chinks, we may fairly conclude that he gamahuches.

Uneasily modest. So Byron, "ladies of the most uneasy virtue."—DON JUAN.

LVI. TO MAEVIUS.

Iam nisi per somnum non arrigis et tibi, Maevi,
 Incipit in medios meiere verpa pedes,
 Truditur et digitis pannucea mentula lassis,
 Nec levat extinctum sollicitata caput.
 Quid miseros frustra cunnos culosque laccessis?
 Summa petas; illic mentula vivit anus.

Now, Maevius,¹ that you only get an erection during sleep² and you cannot piss further than between your legs,³ your shrivelled⁴ penis is worn by wearied fingers, and even thus roused it cannot raise its fallen head. Why tire⁵ out in vain cunts and arseholes? go up to the top,⁶ there an old prick can hold its own.

With Maevius who while sleeping only gets
 A piss-proud stand that melts away on waking,
 The doubt is not how far his urine jets,
 But simply down which leg its course be taking,
 His shrivelled penis, worn by wearied hands,
 Treats all those soft attentions with disdain, I
 Wonder he persists in coaxing stands,
 And vainly teasing willing cunts and ani.
 Look higher, Maevius, try the topmost lips,
 Your prick to their soft warmth be introducing,

However much the frost of old age nips,
A prick is ne'er too old for gamahuching.

(1) On a debauchee who from age and excessive venereal pleasures could now no longer get an erection.

(2) During sleep. Why men get an erection in their sleep, and in youth almost invariably wake with one, is well known. The fulness of the bladder is the cause, and hence in gonorrhoea the extreme difficulty of preventing painful nocturnal erections, that is, chordee.

(3) We have followed Schneidewin in our text, literally, "and your penis begins to piss in the middle of your legs." The idea of course is, that the penis has lost its strength and cannot eject the urine to the smallest distance, and that Maevius pisses straight down in a perpendicular stream like a woman.

(4) Pannucea, shrivelled, a beautifully chosen epithet; it expresses that shrivelled appearance which arises from loss of substance; hence applied to rotten apples and sleepy pears which have lost their consistency; and especially to an old woman's breasts, which have lost the firmness of youth due to the freer circulation of the blood and elasticity of the nerves and muscles, &c. Here it expresses the absence of blood from the veins of the penis, the distention of which causes erection.

(5) Tire out: you only torment and annoy boys and girls by rubbing your useless member against them, it excites without satisfying them.

(6) The top, *i.e.* the mouth. That is, you must give up sodomising and womanising, and take to being gamahuched. No one, says Martial elsewhere, is too old to do the trick in a woman's or boy's mouth (*nemo est senex ad irrumandum* Book IV. Epig L.), for, however limp a penis may be, it can always find its way into and rest its weary head in a pretty mouth.

XLI. ON TITIUS.

Tanta est quae Titio columna pendet,
 Quantam Lampsaciae colunt puellae.
 Hic nullo comitante, nec molesto,
 Thermis grandibus, et suis lavatur :
 Anguste Titius tamen lavatur.

Titius¹ has an affair as large as that worshipped by the ladies of Lampsacus.² Without any one to attend to him, or interfere with him, he goes and has a large bath all to himself. And yet Titius bathes in one narrow corner.

From Titius' paunch so large a limb depends,
 As Mysian damsels bear aloft with pride ;
 Yet Titius bathes alone, unseen by friends,
 And private waves his naked honours hide ;
 And though the bath be roomy, at one end
 And in one corner all the time he'll spend.

(¹) This epigram is by no means obvious, but on careful consideration I think it can have but one explanation. Titius was a masturbator. He took his dip in a large bath of his own, or which he engaged all to himself. Of course he wants a large bath with no one in it, that he may swim about and splash and amuse himself, without being interrupted. "Oh not a bit of it," says Martial, "He remains curled up in a corner." Why then does he not bathe in public as he doesn't care about all this room for swimming, etc. Why the fact is our friend Titius has a penchant for "tossing himself off" in the bath. This lech is by no means uncommon, as the warmth has an erotic effect.

(²) Lampsacus, a city in Northern Mysia, celebrated for

its worship of Priapus, who is often called the God of Lampsacus, so Swinburne's Faustine,

“Not Godless, for you serve one God,
The Lampsacene.”

The women carried about in procession a large erect Phallus (known as the Ithyphallus, from *ἰθυσ*, erect, and *φάλλος*, the penis). The reader is referred to Lemaire's note on this passage,—Payne Knight's *Worship of Priapus* *passim*, and Donaldson's *Jasher* 41—70.

LVIII. TO TELESPHORUS.¹

Cum me velle vides tentumque, Telesphore, sentis,
Magna rogas ; puta me velle : negare licet.
Et nisi iuratus dixi “dabo,” subtrahis illas,
Permittunt in me quae tibi multa, nates.
Quid si me tonsor, cum stricta novacula supra est,
Tunc libertatem divitiasque roget ?
Promittam ; neque enim rogat illo tempore tonsor,
Latro rogat ; res est imperiosa timor.
Sed fuerit curva cum tuta novacula theca,
Frangam tonsori crura manusque simul.
At tibi nil faciam, sed lota mentula laeva
Αειχαζειν cupidae dicet avaritiae.

When you see that I want² to have you, Telesphorus, and that I am racked³ with desire,—you ask a large price ; suppose I do want to have you, you can deny me. And unless I swear with an oath “I will give it,” you withhold from me those buttocks which promise⁴ you much at my hands. But suppose my barber⁵ slave, when his razor is across my throat, demands his liberty and money ; I promise it to him, for when he makes such a request he is no

longer a barber but a highwayman : fear is imperious. But when his razor is put safely away in its case, I will break the barber's legs and arms at once. But to you I will do nothing : I shall wash my soiled hands, and bid you⁶ go to hell and gamahuche⁷ me for your cursed avarice.

When I burn with fierce desire,
 When my stubborn limb's on fire,
 Then your cursed avarice
 Makes you ask a higher price.
 From my racked and swelling loins,
 You hope to draw unnumbered coins.
 I swear to give, by all the gods,
 To appease my o'ercharged cods,
 Lest they burst at the delay
 Or you draw your bum away.
 Now suppose my barber slave,
 At my matutinal shave,
 Asks with blade across my throat,
 Liberty and gold to boot.—
 I swear I'll give, of course, but then
 Released, it's all revoked again,
 Who'd keep his word with highwaymen ? }
 When once I'm free, the vows I've spoken,
 Are with the rascal's cranium broken.
 As for you, you churlish lout you,
 I'll serve you thus, I'll do without you.
 My supple hands your work shall do,
 My hands which now I wash of you.
 Such pleasant bleeding will remove
 The silly blinding film of love,
 And the cheat who stands before me,
 May hang, or with his tongue adore me.

(1) An attack on the annoying avarice of Telesphorus. When I am in bed with you, when my passions are wrought to the highest pitch, nay when my penis is all but in your

body, you pester me again and again for money, and unless I call God to witness I will give it to you, you won't let me have you, but withdraw your bottom from my penis which is even "knocking at the door."

(²) Velle "I want to have you." Similar ellipses are frequent in Martial.

(³) Racked with desire, in plain English, "stiff and randy," or if that offends you, the chaste commentator's *σφριγῶντα καὶ ἤδη ἐνεργεῖν δυνάμενον* will convey the meaning without hurting the feelings.

(⁴) We have followed Schneidewin in our translation. The common reading is *puto me velle negare nihil?* Do I think that I will deny you nothing? But the reading of Schneidewin is preferable, and gives an excellent meaning, *i.e.*, when I make indecent proposals to you, you need not accept them, that is you can tell me so at once, and I shall not suffer so much. But to promise me and get into bed with me and let me feel your soft flesh, and then to withdraw your bottom from me if I do not accede to your demands is most cruel and unfair.

(⁵) That is, for you derive a large revenue from me.

(⁶) If my slave, who shaves me, played this trick upon me, that is, if he waited till he had got me in his power, and then asked me for money, I should not only not give it to him according to my promise, but I should half murder him, or perhaps wholly murder him; but I shall not hurt you, I shall revenge myself in another way. I shall frig myself to satisfy my lust, and then I shall propose to have you in the mouth. As you make such a difficulty about letting me sodomise you, you will not be likely to suffer this to be done, and I shall kick you out of the house, as being of no use to me, and you will curse your avarice for depriving you of a customer.

(7) These last two lines are excessively difficult, we read—

Sed lota mentula laeva,

Λειχαζειν——

The common reading is “lana,” for “laeva,” which gives no sense, and is now universally rejected by modern commentators. For “lota” an emendation “mota” has been suggested, and this gives an easy meaning, “when I have used my left hand,” *i.e.* when I have masturbated, but *lota* conveys the same idea though in a more artificial way, and as “lota” is given by the most numerous and best codices, we have followed it on the well known principle that “*difficilior lectio est praeferenda*.” *Lota laeva* means “after washing my hand.” The Romans always washed themselves most religiously after copulation. Hence Ovid, *Amor.* IV. vii.

Neve suae possint intactam scire ministrae,

Dedecus hoc sumpta dissimulavit aqua.

Therefore if the private parts were washed after copulation, that is, after the emission of seed, should not the hands be washed after masturbation? Λειχαζειν, to gamahuche. This has caused the commentators a great deal of difficulty, and so much so, that Scaliger and Douza have suggested αιάζειν “go weep,” *i.e.* go to the devil, which is used in Greek as *plorare* in Latin, *e.g.* Horace, *Sat.* I. x. 90.

Teque Tigelli

Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

But λειχαζειν has in the long run the same meaning, and is far more caustic. We must explain the meaning fully. Suppose a case. A man worn out with debaucheries, and limp in consequence, sleeps with a handsome and lascivious woman. He cannot get an erection, he rubs his useless implement against her privates, and chafes and excites her. This without satisfaction becomes intolerable to the woman, and she loses all patience, and not being overburdened with modesty, she says, “suck it,” in the slang sense of the

expression, *i.e.* go to the devil, get out, away from my presence. This meaning we get in the following way. As gamahuching was considered a most detestable thing in Rome, to tell a man "to suck your cunt," was somewhat similar to the vulgar modern version of it, "go and suck my arse," which is equivalent to telling a man to go about his business. This is the idea conveyed here. Compare note 6 to this epigram.

Schneidewin reads *λαικάζειν* which we cannot adopt. The meaning of this word is "to whore or play the whore." It is used by Aristophanes (Knights, line 167) *ἐν πρυτανείῳ λαικασεῖς*, where the Scholiast explains it by *πορνεύσεις*, *i.e.* "you will prostitute yourself." But since Telesphorus was evidently a male prostitute, or at least, a catamite, who expected to be paid, we confess we cannot see much point in his being told to "go and prostitute himself for his cursed avarice." This is surely a wretchedly tame climax to be introduced with so much emphasis by the employment of a foreign word! These considerations have induced us, in this instance to follow the common reading *λειχαζειν*.

LX. ON CHIONE AND PHLOGIS.

Sit Phlogis an Chione Veneri magis apta, requiris ?
 Pulchrior est Chione, sed Phlogis ulcus habet,
 Ulcus habet Priami quod tendere possit alutam
 Quodque senem Pelian non sinat esse senem ;
 Ulcus habet quod habere suam volt quisque puellam,
 Quod sanare Criton, non quod Hygia potest.
 At Chione non sentit opus nec vocibus ullis
 Adiuvat ; absentem marmoreamve putes.
 Exorare, dei, si vos tam magna liceret
 Et bona velletis tam pretiosa dare,
 Hoc quod habet Chione corpus faceretis haberet
 Ut Phlogis ; et Chione quod Phlogis ulcus habet.

You ask which is the most preferable in bed, Phlogis or Chione. Chione is the prettiest, but Phlogis is lewd. Phlogis is so lewd that she would make Priam's leather² stiff, and the aged Nestor forget his years. Every one would like the lady of his affections to be as lewd: a complaint which Crito³ can cure but not Hygia. But Chione does not care for it, she does not assist with her "oh's" and "ah's." You would think she was in a brown study or that she was a block of marble. O God, if we may ask of thee so great a thing, and thou can'st give so precious a boon, grant that Phlogis may have the beauty of Chione, and Chione the lewdness of Phlogis.

Chione's a beauty divine,

Of crowds of admirers the belle,

Yet Phlogis, not she, shall be mine,

And the reason I quickly will tell.

Though heaven with no beauty has blest her,

She steals our affections from us,

And in bed she would make even Nestor

Forget both his years and his truss.

Were she and old Priam together,

She'd quicken and kindle his blood,

And make what was flaccid as leather

To redden and swell like a bud.

If wantonness be a disease

That yields not to nurse's directions,

A lover will give the dear ease

With evening and morning injections.

To Chione, by some divine malice,

Sweet love and its ways are unknown,

As fair as a statue of Pallas,

As cold as a statue in stone,

No darting, no squeezing, no twining

Of tongues, and of hands, and of thighs,

Move the bed where her lover's reclining,

But listless and languid she lies.

If ought can be perfect of nature's,
 Ye gods your beneficence prove,
 By giving dear Phlogis the features,
 Chione the feelings for love !

(¹) This requires little or no comment. Chione from *χιων*, snow, and Phlogis from *φλοξ*, flame, expressive of their cold and warm temperaments.

(²) Leather shoe, literally ; euphemism for prick.

(³) Crito : that is a male doctor and not a female one, *i.e.* she wanted a jolly good poke to do her good. See Epigram LXXI. of this book.

LXI. ON MANNEIUS.

Lingua maritus, moechus ore Manneius,
 Summoenianis inquinatio buccis :
 Quem cum fenestra vidit a Suburana
 Obscoena nudum lena, fornicem cludit,
 Mediumque mavult basiare, quam summum :
 Modo qui per omnes viscerum tubos ibat,
 Et voce certa, consciaque dicebat,
 Puer, an puella matris esset in ventre :
 (Gaudete cunni ; vestra namque res acta est)
 Arrigere linguam non potest fututricem.
 Nam, dum tumenti mersus haeret in vulva,
 Et vagientes intus audit infantes,
 Partem gulosam solvit indecens morbus ;
 Nec purus esse nunc potest, nec impurus.

Manneius who performs a husband's part with his tongue,¹ and an adulterer's with his mouth, is more loathsome than the cheeks of the vilest prostitutes. When the filthy brothel keeper saw him naked from the window of her

Suburan² den, she slammed the door in his face, and would rather gamahuche him than kiss him. Manneius, who has put his tongue in every secret hole³ in the body, and can tell surely and certainly⁴ whether a boy or girl is in the womb. Rejoice⁵ ye cunts for you will have nothing more to do with him. His fucking⁶ tongue has no more strength, for while he clings with his lips glued to the quim of a pregnant⁷ woman, and listens to the foetus crying inside : her courses⁸ came on and paralysed the root of his tongue. Now he can neither be pure nor impure.⁹

Oh husband that ne'er became father,
 Oh lover whose sweetheart's a maid,
 Who would delve love's soft acreage rather
 With ought save its natural spade,
 More foul than the cheeks of a harlot
 With the slime of stale kisses o'erhung,
 Oh potent, yet impotent varlet,
 That's man but in tongue.
 At whose coming the vilest whores hasten
 To shut and to bar up their den,
 From lips that care only to fasten
 On what's shameful of women and men :
 E'en the o'erburdened womb's gaping threshold
 By him is lasciviously sipped,
 And he'll guess, as he sucks the soft flesh fold,
 If a boy or a girl's to be slipped.
 Oh tongue that was meant for a penis,
 Oh head that was meant for a tail,
 No more shall ye riot, and Venus
 No more at your riots grow pale,
 To thighs ye shall be no more mated,
 No more shall soft cunnies be rung
 With agonies not to be sated
 By merely a tongue !
 For while this most lustful of mortals
 His slaving member had glued

To a vivified womb's hanging portals,
 This terrible vengeance ensued :
 The gods the closed fountains releasing
 Of the woman, there rolled down a flood,
 Ropy and clotted, unceasing,
 Of menstrual blood,
 And he rose amid gasping and choking,
 And from his mouth hung
 No longer a potent and poking
 But paralysed tongue.

(¹) Calderini seems to have discovered a mare's nest here, for he thinks that "*Lingua maritus*" means that he pressed his lips to the thighs of his wife, and that "*moechus ore*," signifies that his adultery consisted in gamahuching other women than his wife. I confess I see no distinction between "*lingua maritus*" and "*moechus ore*;" nor again can I see that a man would be much to blame for kissing his own wife on the thigh. The fact is that both these expressions equally have reference to gamahuching, nor is it without point, for Manneius (the idea is), was such an abandoned wretch that he would not even have his wife or his mistresses in the natural manner.

(²) The quarter where the lowest jacks lived, our "Swan Alley."

(³) Holes. Tubos. The commentators explain "*Tubos*," "of a woman's quim." I must question the correctness of this limitation, as it is joined with viscera, which is frequently used of the rectum, as in *Juv. Sat. ix. 43*. *Agere inter viscera penem*, *i.e.* to sodomise.

(⁴) Certainly, conscia. That is, he went up so far that he could speak with authority as one who knew it for a fact.

(⁵) That is, the cunts will not be annoyed any more by his foul practices.

(6) Fucking, fututricem, used facetiously of the tongue, for "futuo" in Latin, as "fuck" in English, is properly only used of the legitimate sexual intercourse.

(7) Tument, pregnant, as the next line which mentions the foetus sufficiently shews. Women's courses generally cease during pregnancy. But of this fact probably Martial was ignorant. The Romans thought courses so disgusting, that perhaps they did not inquire into these matters. See the next note.

(8) *i.e.* his tongue, while he was in the act of gamahuching a woman, was inundated with a copious flow of the courses, which paralysed it, so that he could not go in for his favorite amusement afterwards. So Lemaire, *paralysisme ἀπο τῆς ἀφέδρου καὶ τῶν ἐμμηνίων*. Indecens morbus. The menstrual discharge, literally — the filthy disease. The Romans had very erroneous notions on this subject. Pliny, VII. Cap. xv., gravely tells us that a woman's courses destroy vegetation, that looking glasses lose their brightness at the mere sight of them, that grass contracts a foul odour by contact with them, that dogs go mad from licking any of this blood, that bees die, etc., etc. All this is most absurd, for the courses of a healthy woman are perfectly wholesome and sweet. We can only refer our readers to modern medical works for information on this subject. Curious readers are referred to the Commentators on Pliny, VII. xv. for the opinions of the ancients on this head. It is just possible that Manneius had paralysis of the tongue, and that Martial facetiously assigned this cause for it. We can hardly believe that Martial really thought that paralysis of the tongue could be caused in this way.

(9) A man is said to be pure (physically) when his body has no blemish or spot. He is said to be pure (morally) when his mind is uncontaminated by vice. The meaning then is, a man cannot be physically pure who has been defiled by a woman's courses, nor mentally pure when his mind is grossly diseased by his vicious practices, yet he cannot be impure (physically) for he has no power to sin.

LXIII. TO PHILOMUSUS.

Spectas nos, Philomuse, cum lavamur,
 Et quare mihi tam mutuniati
 Sint leves pueri, subinde quaeris.
 Dicam simpliciter tibi roganti :
 Paedicant, Philomuse, curiosos.

You look at us, Philomusus,¹ while we take our bath ;
 and you presently ask why I have graceful well hung
 slaves. I will answer your question directly,² they bugger
 the curious, Philomusus.

Philomusus, oft you eye us
 In the bath, and then ask why
 Handsome, well hung slaves are by us,
 Dress, undress and rub us dry.
 This answer, prying friend, I give,
 They bugger the inquisitive.

(1) Philomusus was a passive bugger, as Martial hints by
 telling us that Philomusus eagerly spied his slaves persons,
 that is—their pricks and not their bottoms.

(2) Directly, *i.e.* “to the point,” “simply” Latin “simpliciter.”

LXXI. ON LEDA.

Hystericam vetulo se dixerat esse marito
 Et queritur futui Leda necesse sibi ;
 Sed flens atque gemens tanti negat esse salutem
 Seque refert potius proposuisse mori.

Vir rogat, ut vivat virides nec deserat annos,
 Et fieri quod iam non facit ipse sinit.
 Protinus accedunt medici medicaeque recedunt,
 Tollunturque pedes. O medicina gravis !

Leda¹ told her aged husband she had the green sickness, and required stroking. But with sighs and tears she says life is not worth so great a price, and vows she would rather die. Her husband implores her to live and to despise not the flower of her youth, and he allows to be done what he cannot do himself. Soon come the medical men and the nurses² are sent away. And she regains³ the use of her legs ; oh, how severe a remedy !

Thus Leda to her aged spouse,
 "Heaven defend thy reverend brows,
 "But alas my womb is choking
 "Bursting—all for want of poking ;
 "Life demands it, sooner I
 "Than pay so dear for life, would die."
 "O spare me," cried her other part,
 "With words like these you break my heart,
 "Shall dearest wifey talk of death
 "If remedies can keep her breath ?"
 She yields at last, the artful doxy,
 And he, to have her poked by proxy.
 The nurse retires, the doctors ply
 Their fingers in the dainty pie,
 And probes of flesh and blood they try : }
 Ma'am's face assumes a healthy glow,
 Her legs their wonted action know,
 Leda's herself in youth and beauty,
 The doctors have discharged—their duty.

(1) Leda's husband was an old man and could not do the trick, and hence Leda got ill from being deprived of

those pleasures which nature intended her to enjoy. Perhaps she found no opportunity of committing adultery on the sly, and therefore when her husband says she looks ill, etc., she tells him that her "petite affaire" is out of order, and that the wheels want greasing.

(2) We suffer here from the want of two words to express the antithesis. The Latin has *medici*, *medicae*; the Italian—*medici*, *mediche*.

(3) *Tolluntur pedes*: used *sensu obsceno* of the venereal act, "to twist the legs in a knot over a man's bottom and trot." We have no way of expressing the double meaning of this and "she regains her health."

LXXII. ON NATA.

*Drauci Nata sui vocat pipinnam,
Collatus cui Gallus est Priapus.*

Nata calls the member of his lover, "little cockey," compared with whom Priapus is but a castrated priest of Cybele.

Priapus himself would a eunuch appear,
Were Draucus beside with his giant like spear,
Yet Nata voraciously takes it inside him,
Altho' you would swear it must surely divide him:
So monstrous a tickler would Ganymede shock,
Yet Nata will call it a dear little cock.

Reading, *Drauci Nata sui vocat pipinnam*: others *vepenem* with the same meaning. *Scriverius* reads, *voratne penem*? does Nata gamahuche the member of his Draucus? which, however, gives us no point. Draucus always means "an active sodomite."

LXXIII. TO LYGDUS.

Venturum iuras semper mihi, Lygde, roganti
 Constituisque horam constituisque locum.
 Cum frustra iacui longa prurigine tentus,
 Succurrit pro te saepe sinistra mihi.
 Quid precer, o fallax, meritis et moribus istis?
 Umbellam luscae, Lygde, feras dominae.

When I ask your favours, Lygdus, you always swear
 you will come, and you name the hour and the place.
 While I lie racked by prolonged lust in vain waiting for
 you, my left hand often supplies your place.¹ What impre-
 cation shall I utter, deceitful wretch, for this your beha-
 viour? may you hold a parasol² for a blear-eye'd mistress.

You swear you'll come, you name the time and place,
 When'er I ask of you one fond embrace:
 The live long night I wait, racked with desire,
 Rigid with lust, and all my veins on fire,
 And oftentimes thinking of your girlish frame
 My left hand quenches the devouring flame.
 In bitterness of heart I'll ask my god
 To curse you, lying and deceitful sod.
 May you ne'er stir from out your threshold's door,
 Save at the heels of some damned one eye'd whore.

(¹) So Juvenal, Sat. VI. 238—

Impatiensque morae pavet et praeputia ducit,

that is, "he is impatient and all in a tremor, and he pulls
 back the foreskin or masturbates." Horace, in the Journey
 to Brundisium, tells us that he was deceived by a young

lady who had made an assignation with him, but in his case he fell asleep from waiting vainly for her, and a wet dream relieved him.

(²) *i.e.* be at her beck and call.

The older interpretation is somewhat fanciful, Calderini gives the following commentary:—

“He complains that he is often deceived by Lygdus, on whom he utters this imprecation, ‘may he cover a penis with a cap’” (or parasol). Umbrella is a covering for the head to keep off the sun’s rays; this then is the point of the epigram, “Blear eye’d mistress,” is used in an obscene sense for the penis, and the meaning is, “may you cover a penis with your mouth” (like an umbrella), for Lygdus gamahuched men, as we read elsewhere in Martial, XII. lxxii.

Nihil mihi negabas,

in the sense of “you used to gamahuche me.”

*
LXXIV. TO BACCARA.

Curandum penem commisit Baccara Graecus
Rivali medico. Baccara Gallus erit.

The Grecian Baccara went to have his penis cured by a physician, who loved his mistress, Baccara will lose¹ his—nationality.

A Greek, a victim to venereal woes,
To show his penis to a doctor goes;
The doctor is his rival, and t’ improve
His chances to secure the lady’s love,
And snatch the damsel from his rival’s arms,
He’ll dock the greatest of his patient’s charms,

Who'll seem no Grecian after he's been mauled
By treachery's knife, he'll feel so devilish *gaulled*.

(¹) There is a pun here upon the word "Gallus," which signifies a castrated priest of Cybele, and also a Gaul. The poet facetiously says that Baccara will be changed from a Greek into a Gaul, not a "Gallus of Gallia," but a "Gallus of Cybele," for the physician, who is his rival, will amputate his prick, in order that he may enjoy his rival's mistress all to himself.

LXXV. TO CAELIA.

Theca tectus ahenea lavatur
Tecum, Caelia, servus ; ut quid, oro,
Non sit cum citharoedus aut choraules ?
Non vis, ut puto, mentulam videre.
Quare cum populo lavis ergo ?
Omnes an tibi nos sumus spadones ?
Ergo, ne videaris invidere,
Servo, Caelia, fibulam remitte.

Your slave, Caelia¹, goes to the bath with you with a brass fibula over his person. Why is this pray ? since he is not a minstrel² or a flute player. You do not wish, I take it, to see his prick. Why then do you take your bath in public ? Are we all eunuchs in your eyes ? Therefore that you may not appear envious, take off your slave's fibula, Caelia.

When you go to the bath with your slave by your
side,
You're careful his penis in breeches to hide :

But why take this trouble, for as he can't sing,
Whate'er you're preserving, his tone's not the thing.
You tell us you're modest, and can't bear to see,
The trifle that reaches half way down his knee;
But as you bathe amongst us, you're fairly checkmated,
Unless you suppose that we've all been castrated.
So if greedy and selfish you would not be known,
Next time bid him, Caelia, his breeches let down.

(¹) See *supra*, Book VII. Epig. xxxiv., and the notes thereon. Caelia bathed in the public baths with the rest of the world, and yet was so modest forsooth, that she had her slave's privates carefully concealed. No! says Martial, we can't believe this. The fact is you want your slave's virile powers all to yourself, so you put on the fibula that he may not have connexion with any body else: For if the ladies or the passive sodomites saw his noble appendages, they would, doubtless, endeavour to seduce him. Do you, Caelia, therefore, if you don't want us to think you so envious, take off his fibula, that we may enjoy the sight of your slave's "great concern."

(²) As excessive venery makes the voice weak, minstrels and singers used artificial means to restrain their passions, and so nobles, whose slaves were good musicians, made them wear the fibula, that they might not womanise. The fibula was somewhat like the ring in a hog's nose, and people who wore the fibula generally concealed their privates: so Caelia's slave may, or may not, have had the fibula "underneath his drawers," but from seeing him "wear drawers" Martial facetiously concludes that he wears a fibula, or, perhaps, it may have been Martial's intention to hint that Caelia put on a fibula (*i.e.* a ring through the prepuce) which *she* only knew how to undo.

LXXVIII. TO VICTOR.

Utere femineis complexibus, utere, Victor,
 Ignotumque sibi mentula discat opus.
 Flammea texuntur sponsae, iam virgo paratur,
 Tondebit pueros iam nova nupta tuos.
 Paedicare semel cupido dabit illa marito,
 Dum metuit teli volnera prima novi.
 Saepius hoc fieri nutrix materque vetabunt
 Et dicent: "Uxor, non puer, ista tibi est."
 Heu quantos aestus, quantos patiēre labores,
 Si fuerit cunnus res peregrina tibi!
 Ergo Suburanae tironem trade magistrae.
 Illa virum faciet; non bene virgo docet.

Try, Victor¹, try a woman's embrace, and let your prick learn an operation now unknown to it. The veil is woven for the bride, the virgin is ready, your affiancée will now cut the hair² off your slaves. She will allow her eager husband to sodomise her once, while she dreads the first wounds of an untried weapon. Her nurse and her mother³ will not allow this to be done oftener, and they will say she is your wife, she is not your catamite. Oh what toil, what labours will you undergo, if a cunt is strange to you! Therefore hand over the tyro to a Suburan school mistress:⁴ she will make him a man: a virgin is not a good teacher.

Victor, quit your hateful life,
 Henceforth pledged to marriage joys,
 Wed the long unthought of wife,
 And think of making, not abusing, boys!
 The veil is wov'n, the maidens come,
 And timid hope the bride engages,
 Who shall soon adorn your home,
 And turn your long-haired slaves to dapper pages.

Prepare your weapon for the sheath
 Where sexual fondness bids it glide,
 Nor in the scabbard underneath
 Think, as your *boyish* loves, t' enjoy your bride:
 If at first but faint resistance
 Meet a wrong directed aim,
 Her mother will compel desistance
 And tell you, *wives* and *boys* are not the same.
 Then you'll toil, with ill feigned pleasure,
 Through paths to your desires unknown,
 Nor esteem a priceless treasure,
 The pretty virgin rosebud scarce full blown.
 First then, for instruction turn
 To some vet'ran venal beauty,
 She will teach, what you should learn,
 A woman's wants, a loving husband's duty.

(¹) Martial advises his friend Victor, who was about to marry, and who had never had a woman, to take some lessons from a whore, since he would not learn the "twists and the turns" from an inexperienced virgin, and would consequently, think poking (somewhat unjustly) poor fun, since two unsophisticated people would make a bungle of it.

(²) Your slaves, whom you have used as catamites, will have their long hair cut off, for your wife, now that you are married, will make you give them up, and they will not be so likely to be attractive when their long girlish hair is cropped.

(³) Nurse and mamma will question her about the event, and what her husband did to her, how she liked it, etc.

(⁴) Modernised, "Go to a Haymarket prostitute."

LXXXI. ON AN OLD MAN AND A EUNUCH.¹

Cum sene communem vexat spado Dindymus Aeglen
 Et iacet in medio sicca puella toro.

Viribus hic operi non est, hic inutilis annis :

Ergo sine effectu prurit utrique labor.

Supplex illa rogat pro se miserisque duobus,

Hunc iuvenem facias, hunc, Cytherea, virum.

The eunuch Dindymus toys with and wearies Aegle² in common with an old man, and the poor girl lies between them, without love's balmy tribute. One has not the power to do it, the other is useless from his years, and therefore they both toil without effect, and excite their passions. On her knees Aegle implores you, O Venus, for herself and for her two wretched paramours, to make the one young, and the other a man.

Poor Aegle ! sure thy wretched fate is hard,
 Since thou from love's delights art ever barred.
 A senile lover and a eunuch spouse
 Only suffice thy passions to arouse.
 In vain they try thy ardour to appease
 By amorous touch and still more amorous squeeze ;
 Age and castration have deprived them now
 Of that rich fluid which from each should flow.
 Thy prayer to Venus then fair maid must be,
 (A prayer recited on thy bended knee,)
 " Sweet Aphrodite list to her who calls,
 Give *that* one youth, and *this* a pair of balls !"

(¹) The poet commiserates Aegle, who had married a eunuch and had an old man for a gallant, for neither could perform "the whole duty of man." The miserable woman would therefore pray to Venus to make the eunuch a *man*, and "the ancient of days" young.

(²) Tries in every way to do it, rubs it up against her quim, pulls her about, wearies her and harasses her with the empty shadow of pleasure.

LXXXV. TO ZOILUS.

Sidere percussa est subito tibi, Zoile, lingua,
Dum lingis. Certe, Zoile, nunc futues.

Zoilus your tongue was suddenly paralysed,¹ while you
were gamahuching ; surely, Zoilus, you will fuck now.

Zoilus, your tongue has lost its lissome force,
You cannot gamahuche—you'll fuck of course !

(¹) Paralysed, "Blasted, planet struck." Forcellini, in
voce, sidus. Compare Epigram LXI. ix. of this Book.

Gaudete cunni ; vestra namque res acta est.

LXXXVII. TO CHARIDEMUS.

Dives eras quondam : sed tunc paedico fuisti
Et tibi nulla diu femina nata fuit.
Nunc sectaris anus. O quantum cogit egestas !
Illa fututorem te, Charideme, facit.

You were rich formerly ; but then you were a pederast ;
and woman was long unknown to you. Now you go after
old women. Oh how great is the power of poverty !
Poverty makes you a womaniser, Charidemus.¹

When erst, Charidemus, folks envied your wealth,
A boy only kindled love's flames,

But now it's all spent, you melt down your health
 In the arms of lewd middle aged dames.
 Old women will pay for what boys must be paid,
 And poverty—horrid disaster!
 That's often converted to whoredom a maid,
 Has made you an arrant whore-master.

(¹) Charidemus spent all his money on boys and ruined himself. Consequently he has to get a livelihood, and this he does by fucking old women and getting paid for it. Poverty, then, which generally leads men to commit crimes, has the opposite effect on Charidemus, for it makes him give up sodomy and take to natural pleasures.

LXXXVIII. TO LUPUS ON CHARISIANUS.

Multis iam, Lupe, posse se diebus
 Paedicare negat Charisianus.
 Causam cum modo quaererent sodales,
 Ventrem dixit habere se solutum.

Lupus, it is now many days since Charisianus said that he could not enjoy his favourite amusement.¹ When his friends recently asked him the reason, he said his bowels were loose.

The wretch, whose rival charms inflame
 With jealousy the female race,
 Laments he must give o'er his game
 And to them for a time give place:
 His lovers mourn that they must sever,
 But an ample reason's found,

He owns his tastes are loose as ever,
But says his bowels are unbound.

(¹) The Latin has "paedicare" to bugger. Paedico signifies both the active and passive part of the sodomitical act, but I question whether either "bugger" or "sodomise" does this in English; they both, I think, mean and convey to our mind "the active part of it." The joke then is, Charisianus says, he "goes in for sodomy," and gives the world at large to understand that he was the active agent in the amusement, but when it was noticed that he had not been with a boy for some time, he was asked the reason of it, and without thinking, he said, "his bowels were loose" Thus shewing he was passive and not active.

XCV. TO FLACCUS.

Incideris quotiens in basia fellatorum,
In solium puta te mergere, Flacce, caput.

As often as you happen to be kissed by a gamahucher, Flaccus¹, imagine that you are putting your head in a bidet.

As often Flaccus as you sip,
Not fastidious in your joy,
A gamahucher's rosy lip,
Fragrant from its last night's toy,
Think the mouth you kiss and slaver
Has been a most dishonoured laver.

(¹) Martial sportively alludes to the fact that Flaccus had been kissed by a man who was known to be a gamahucher.

Gamahuchers may be said to wash pricks or cunts in their mouths. Therefore to kiss a gamahucher is like washing your face in a bidet, *i.e.* a basin used specially for washing private parts.

XCVII. TO TELESILLA.

Una nocte quater possum : sed quattuor annis
Si possum, peream, te Telesilla semel.

In a night I can do it four times, but in four years, Telesilla, may I die, if I could poke you once.

Four times a night I manage very well
With decent girls to do the loving stroke :
But in four years—may I be damned in hell,
If Martial once could Telesilla poke !

XCIX. TO LESBIA.

De cathedra quotiens surgis—iam saepe notavi—
Paedicant miserae, Lesbia, te tunicae.
Quas cum conata es dextra, conata sinistra
Vellere, cum lacrimis eximis et gemitu.
Sic constringuntur gemina Symplegade culi
Et Minyas intrant Cyaneasque nates.
Emendare cupis vitium deformae ? docebo :
Lesbia, nec surgas censeo, nec sedeas.

Whenever you rise from your seat (I have often remarked it), your dress sodomises you, poor Lesbia,¹ and when you try to pull it out with your right hand and with

your left hand, you remove it with tears and groans. So tightly is your dress squeezed in between the twin rock₂ of your bottom, and it enters the Minyan and Cyanean buttocks. Do you wish to cure yourself of a hideous defect? I will tell you how: I think you should neither rise, Lesbia, nor sit down.

Whenever, Lesbia, from your chair you rise,
 Your dress is tightly drawn between your thighs,
 And plays, I've noticed, in your hindmost site
 The active part of some vile sodomite:
 You strive, while plaintive sighs your lips escape,
 Left hand and right, to stop the woollen rape,
 Dragging your dress from 'twixt the tight'ning grips
 Of those twin Minyan rocks that grace your hips;
 But the moist lips of your poor longing quim
 Cling to your robe and glue you limb to limb.
 Would you be cured of such a hideous vice?
 Lesbia, nor rise nor sit is my advice,
 Lie on your bottom, free from clothes, and seek
 The aid of some stout youth to plug the leak.

(¹) This epigram is excessively difficult to translate, nor could the meaning be given without such a paraphrase as would destroy all pretence to a literal translation. In this case, therefore, we have adhered to our plan of giving a literal rendering in the text leaving the elucidation of the meaning to the notes.

Two opposite interpretations are offered of the point of this epigram. Calderini, who is followed by Smids and others, says that it is a satire on a woman who was very fat and who had the piles. In favour of this it may be urged that the clothes clinging to the bottom and being pulled out with difficulty, is very appropriately and wittily expressed by the word "paedicant." In line 6 there is an old reading "vel nimias" given for "et Minyas" which

would clearly apply to fatness. But the fatal (as it seems to us) objection to this view is the intolerable tameness of this latter portion of this epigram. A woman has bad piles and her clothes getting between her nates irritate them. To tell her neither to rise or sit but to lie down, would be very good advice from a physician, but Martial does not appear in this character.

The other interpretation makes Lesbia to be a modest girl, who, when she sat down and rose up, was so afraid of exposing her legs, etc., that she always carefully gathered her dress up round her, and so tightly that it got entangled between her nates and so sodomised her. But the objection to this is that the difficulty she experiences in pulling her dress from her bottom is a great exaggeration, and could only be permitted for the sake of a good point.

The interpretation which we submit to our readers is free from all these objections, and contains a beautiful idea. Lesbia really was lascivious, though she affected modesty. When she sat down and conversed with men, her feelings got the better of her, and she spent, and her thighs and perinæum grew warm and moist from excitement. When she rose therefore her dress would naturally cling to her, and, as the humidity was about her genitals, it would exactly make her dress tight between the nates and keep it so from the viscous matter between her legs. To pull the dress away under these circumstances would be a matter of considerable difficulty, and we all know when we have made ourselves a little warm by walking in summer, the shirt clings to our bottom and perinaeum and is most disagreeable. The advice in either of these two last interpretations is the same. "Lie down," that is offer yourselves freely to us that we may cure you, *i.e.* poke you, or as Lemaire's paraphrase is, "but lie on your back, as if offering an opportunity for all the lovers who come to you." Copulation in this case will be, of course, "*la methode à la papa.*"

(²) Twin rock — Symplegade, so called because they seemed to run together as ships passed them in the distance.

(³) Minyas. The rocks so called because the Argonauts passed them on their expedition. Cyaneas—two islands in the Pontus Euxinus, opposite the Thracian Bosphorus. The Minyae and Cyaneae were different names for the same islands.

The idea is, “your dress is pressed in as tightly as the beak of the ship Argo in the juncture of the Cyaneae or Symplegades Insulae, which the Thessalian Minyae and other Argonauts crossed.” See above, Note 2. A ship passing through the Symplegades seemed to people at a distance to be tightly wedged in between the two rocks.

CIV. TO HIS WIFE.

Uxor, vade foras, aut moribus utere nostris :
 Non ego sum Curius, non Numa, non Tatius.
 Me iucunda iuvant tractae per pocula noctes ;
 Tu properas pota surgere tristis aqua.
 Tu tenebris gaudes : me ludere teste lucerna,
 Et iuvat admissa rumpere luce latus.
 Fascia te tunicaeque obscuraque pallia celant :
 At mihi nulla satis nuda puella iacet.
 Basia me capiunt blandas imitata columbas :
 Tu mihi das, aviae qualia mane soles.
 Nec motu dignaris opus nec voce iuvare,
 Nec digitis : tanquam tura merumque pares.
 Masturbabantur Phrygii post ostia servi,
 Hectoreo quotiens sederat uxor equo.
 Et quamvis Ithaco stertente pudica solebat
 Illic Penelope semper habere manum.
 Paedicare negas : dabat hoc Cornelia Graccho,
 Iulia Pompeio, Porcia, Brute, tibi.
 Dulcia Dardanio nondum miscente ministro
 Pocula Iuno fuit pro Ganymede Iovi.
 Si te delectat gravitas, Lucretia toto
 Sis licet usque die, Iaida nocte volo.

Wife, away, or conform to my habits:¹ I am not a Curius, or a Numa, or a Tatius. I like the hours of night prolonged in luscious cups. You drink water and are for ever hurrying from the table with a sombre mien; you like the dark; I like a lamp to witness my pleasures, and in the light of dawn to tire my loins.² Drawers and night gowns and long robes cover you, but no girl can be too naked for me. For me be kisses like the cooing doves;³ your kisses are like those you give your grandmother in the morning. You do not condescend to assist the performance by your movements,⁴ or your sighs,⁵ or your hand, [you behave] as if you were taking the sacrament.⁶ The Phrygian slaves masturbated themselves behind the couch whenever Hector's wife rode St. George,⁷ and, however much Ulysses snored, the chaste Penelope always had her hand *there*. You forbid my sodomising you. Cornelia granted this favour to Gracchus, Julia to Pompey, Porcia to Brutus. Before the Dardan boy mixed the luscious cup, Juno was a Ganymede to Jupiter. If you are so fond of propriety, be a Lucretia to your heart's content all day; I want a Lais at night.

Hence icy wife, that can impart no joys,
 Be Curius' dame or Numa's nymph ethereal,
 Since dull propriety your mind employs,
 Averse to pleasures—Bacchic or Venereal.
 Away, unless you can your spouse delight,
 Nor mar late wine cups with your angry stare;
 You cloud enjoyment in the gloom of night,
 I court caresses where the tapers glare.
 Joy in my joy, let loving fingers rove
 O'er charms unveiled, and amorously press
 The polished thigh, nor spurn a husband's love
 With the cold flatness of a clothed caress.
 Your kisses should be long and full of bliss
 As those young turtles to their mates discover,
 You baulk me with a hasty granddam's kiss,
 While I would lose the husband in the lover.

Coldly your hand, to win the nuptial due,
 Guides Cupid's shaft to Venus' rosy cleft,
 Dull priests would thus some ancient rite pursue,
 The spirit fled, the form unmeaning left.
 Lo! Hector's wife upon her lord supine
 The wanton thoughts of gaping urchins raised,
 While at the grandeur of the sight divine
 Attendant girls turned tribades as they gazed.
 Ulysses' wife with taper fingers strove
 Some joy to find when spousy was abroad;
 And chaste Cornelia oft to show her love
 Granted *that other favor* to her lord.
 Then why withhold the bliss Cornelia gave,
 And modest Julia; and of Portia fair
 Grave Brutus needed but to ask to have,
 Betwixt her undulating buttocks bare?
 Ere yet the Dardan boy, to fill the bowl
 For toping gods, the eagles theft had given,
 Melted in extacy the Thunderer's soul,
 Behind the beauties of the Queen of Heaven.
 Cold as the steel that pierced her bleeding heart,
 Would you be guided by Collatia's bride?
 All day, in God's name, act Lucretia's part,
 But oh, be Lais at your husband's side!

(1) Habits. As if diversity of taste and habits ought to be a cause of divorce.

(2) Lat. Rumpere latus, lit. break down my side, that is do my utmost: exert myself ἐν τῷ τῆς πολυχρυσου Ἀφροδιτης ἔργῳ in the chaste language of the Commentators.

(3) Doves were supposed to be very salacious birds.

(4) The Romans had a great idea that both sexes should do their duty in the performance. They had a technical term "crisso," to express the movement of the hips, whence Juvenal, See p. 13

"Ipsa Medullinae fluctum crissantis adorat."

that is the motion of Medullina's thighs as of waves rising and falling.

(⁵) Also that lascivious sighs and murmurings assisted. The "my love!" "my life!" "my darling!" The "Ah quel plaisir!" "Je me pâme" of the French.

(⁶) Literally as if you were preparing frankincense and wine for a libation to the gods. That is, you use your fingers in so sombre, serious, and pious a manner, that you handle my prick as if it were some sanctified offering to the deities. "Taking the Sacrament," expresses the idea very well. Those of our readers who are in the habit of "communicating" must have noticed the awful seriousness of young ladies when they take the consecrated elements between their thumb and forefinger. Imagine a girl so utterly lost to all the duties of wedlock as to treat her husband's penis in this manner!

(⁷) Ovid mentions the fact that Hector and Andromache sometimes chose this position. The meaning is, Andromache, whose reputation is so unsullied, yet gratified Hector by copulating in abnormal positions. The most chaste Roman matrons have always yielded to their husband's entreaties, and have permitted sodomy. You have thus no precedent among those of your own sex who are most celebrated for virtue and modesty, for being so unwilling to oblige.

BOOK XII.

XXXIII. TO LABIENUS.

Ut pueros emeret Labienus, vendidit hortos.
Nil nisi ficetum nunc Labienus habet.

To buy boys, Labienus sold his gardens: Labienus now has nothing but a grove of figs.¹

His gardens with their piles of fruit are sold,
And Labienus with the price defiles
Himself in purchased boys, he might be told
He's lost the fruit, and only owns the piles.

(¹) An untranslatable pun. The idea is, there is nothing left to Labienus from his gardens but a field sown with figs, that is, the boys from being sodomised are "ficosos," or afflicted with piles. The word "ficus," signifies figs and also piles. Labienus, of course, ran through his property in gratifying his sodomitical tastes.

XXXV. TO CALLISTRATUS.

Tanquam simpliciter mecum, Callistrate, vivas,
Dicere percisum te mihi saepe soles.

Non es tam simplex, quam vis, Callistrate, credi.
 Nam quisquis narrat talia, plura tacet.

Callistratus you live with me on the frankest terms! you often tell me you have been sodomised. You are not so simple as you wish me to believe, Callistratus; for those who make these confessions leave a great deal unconfessed.¹

Callistratus so open you appear,
 Your pathic taste so freely you express,
 That, for the life of me, I can't but fear
 One taste remains your tongue would not confess!

(1) The meaning of this epigram is as follows:—You confess you have been sodomised: now any man who confesses this, confesses it in order to conceal a greater vice. You think that if you tell us you are a catamite, whatever opinion we have of your morality, at any rate we shall give you credit for honesty. Not so, says Martial, we see through your ruse, you tell us this to throw us off the scent that we may not suspect the truth, *i.e.* that you gamahuche.

XLIII. TO SABELLUS.

Facundos mihi de libidinis
 Legisti nimium, Sabelle, versus,
 Quales nec Didymae sciunt puellae,
 Nec molles Elephantidos libelli.
 Sunt illic Veneris novae figurae,
 Quales perditus audeat fututor:
 Praestent et taceant quid exoleti,

Quo symplegmate quinque copulentur,
Qua plures teneantur a catena,
Extinctam liceat quid ad lucernam.
Tanti non erat, esse te disertum.

You have read to me, Sabellus,¹ enough and more than enough of verses that glow with eloquent fire on obscene subjects, which not even the girls of Didyma² know of, nor the voluptuous volumes of Elephantis. In them there are new forms of venery ; such as a debauchee lost to all sense of shame would attempt ; things which those grown old in years and vice would do and yet dare not mention : a group³ where five are joined in copulation, a chain where numbers are linked in venery ; things which might be allowed when the lights⁴ are put out. The subject was not worth⁵ such poetic eloquence as you have wasted on it.

I have read your lines, Sabellus,
Finished with poetic art,
But alas, their raptures tell us
Of a foul and sensual heart ;
Prostitutes would shrink amazed
At your tales of unknown lust ;
Elephantis (she who praised
Letchery) would feel disgust ;
Forms of venery that might please
Hoary sinners lost to shame,
Stimulants for debauchees,
Which they'd scarcely dare to name,
Five as one wave undulating,
Tribades all or sodomites,
Shamelessly are copulating
In the glare of many lights.
Sabellus you have prostituted
The most noble gifts of God,
On obscenity only suited
To the most abandoned Sod.

(¹) Sabellus was evidently an erotic poet whose specialité was amorous quartetts and quintetts.

(²) The readings vary between Didymi and Didymae: Didymi has the advantage in that we know where Didymus was, and that Apollo had a temple there. Of Didyma, which is supported by better MS. authority, we know absolutely nothing. It is uncertain whether Elephantis was a man or a woman. The latter opinion is perhaps the most general. From all the notices left we must conclude that these poems were passionately sensuous and much in the style of Sappho.

(³) These groups of men and women linked together were the special delight of Tiberius.

(⁴) *i.e.* But in your work the *dramatis personae* are so shameless that they copulate in numbers all linked together in the full glare of the candles.

(⁵) These things were unworthy of being wrought up with so much labour, eloquence and polish.

LV. TO YOUNG LADIES.

Gratis qui dare vos iubet, puellae,
 Insulsissimus improbissimusque est.
 Gratis ne date, basiate gratis.
 Hoc Aegle negat, hoc avara vendit.
 †Sed vendat bene, basiare quantum est?
 Hoc vendit quoque nec levi rapina; †
 Aut libram petit illa Cosmiani,
 Aut binos quater a nova moneta:
 Ne sint basia muta nec maligna,
 Nec clusis aditum neget labellis.
 Humane tamen hoc facit, sed unum:
 Gratis quae dare basium recusat,
 Gratis lingere nec recusat Aegle.

The man who bids you, young ladies, grant your favours for nothing, is a most impertinent and unconscionable

fellow. Grant not your favours for nothing, but give us kisses for nothing. Aegle refuses: in her avarice she even sells her kisses. †But whatever a kiss be worth, let her¹ sell it for a good price. She gets a price for it by her great importunity.^{2†} Either she wants a pound of scent or eight new Flavii,³ that her kisses may not be dumb⁴ or given niggardly,⁵ and that her lips may not be closed to the approach of the tongue. Yet in this she acts charitably,⁶ but there is one thing; Aegle who will not kiss for love, will gamahuche for love.

Ladies, your unpaid favors
 For love to bid you grant,
 Of lack of conscience savours,
 Of decency the want;
 Let devotees of pleasure,
 Till they've paid the toll,
 But taste in part your treasure,
 And not enjoy the whole.
 Aegle's priced all over;
 Her lips she'll even sell;
 She's learned to kiss a lover,
 But how to charge as well.
 Eight new Flavians buy her,
 Perfume comes not amiss,
 But none or they belie her,
 Have ever stol'n a kiss.
 Gold loosens all restrictions
 Manners, tongue, and zone;
 Noisy kisses, tonguing frictions,
 Are the generous lover's own.
 That's of course,—but who among ye,
 This redeeming point can't prove,
 Aegle, who only loves for money,
 Will freely gamahuche for love?

(¹) The meaning of this is by no means clear, and Gruter candidly confesses his ignorance on the subject; other critics do not seem to have taken so hopeless a view as Gruter, and Gronovius' interpretation is quietly adopted by most subsequent commentators. Aegle refuses to be kissed without being paid for it. She sells even her kisses. This is certainly strange, for whether she gets what she considers a good or a bad market for her kisses, is a kiss worth so much that a man would buy it, however cheaply he got it? But small though be the sum Aegle receives, yet she does *sell* it. To "sell well" is to get a good price for your wares. "To make a good purchase" is to procure goods cheaply. The art of trade therefore consists in buying cheaply and selling at a large price. But however high the price at which Aegle offers a kiss for sale, practically she must sell it for a low figure, for what is a kiss worth? Theocritus says there is a sweet charm in an empty kiss, but the charm cannot really be worth much, as the poet himself has admitted by calling it "empty."

(²) That is she duns for her money and almost may be said to carry it off by force, since she worries it out of you. To translate, "she robs you of your money," would be calculated to mislead those who do not condescend to read notes, so I have contented myself with a somewhat tame rendering of "*nec levi rapina*." With all due deference to the learned editors of Martial who have adopted the explanation of Gronovius, which I have given above as to the meaning of these two lines, I consider their interpretation unsatisfactory. Somewhat bolder than Gruter, Schneidewin has enclosed the passage in brackets. I have contented myself with placing the passage within obelisks and committing it to my sagacious critics.

(³) The Flavians were gold coins with the "image and superscription" of Flavius Domitian. Their value was twenty-five Denarii; nearly one sovereign. Perhaps here the silver flavian or denarius = about ten pence of our money.

(⁴) That is as Martial elsewhere expresses it, such kisses as young ladies treat their grandmothers to in the morning. *See p. 1*

(⁵) The force of the epithet “maligna,” which we have rendered “given niggardly,” is not obvious. It might also mean “cruel,” *i.e.* the lover would be eager to force his tongue between Aegle’s lips, and she would be so unobliging as to torture him by a refusal. To this interpretation the objection is that the next line expresses this idea and thus it would become purely pleonastic.

(⁶) Humane, “charitably.” That is, since her mouth is so foul (for she gamahuches), it is most humane and charitable of her not to let the lover put his tongue in; or perhaps because Aegle had false teeth, or some other oral defect, which is more probable, as the first interpretation would reveal the sting of the epigram, and the last line would fall tamely on our ears, and this is supported by the words, “sed unum,” which seem most naturally to introduce the climax, and so much so that we should prefer to take “humane” “naturally,” *i.e.* because she is paid for it, only that it is doubtful whether “humane” can have this signification.

LXXV. ON HIS FAVORITES.

Festinat Polytimus ad puellas;
 Invitus puerum fatetur Hypnus;
 Pastas glande nates habet Secundus;
 Mollis Dindymus est, sed esse non vult;
 Amphion potuit puella nasci.
 Horum delicias superbiamque
 Et fastus querulos, Avite, malo,
 Quam dotis mihi quinquiens ducena.

Polytimus¹ is very lecherous on women, Hypnus is slow²

to admit he is my Ganymede; Secundus has buttocks fed on acorns.³ Dindymus⁴ is a catamite, but pretends not to be. Amphion⁵ would have made a capital girl. My friend, I would rather have their blandishments, their haughty airs, their annoying pertness, than a wife with 3,000,000 sesterces.

Me Polytimus vexes and provokes,
 He always leaves me for insipid pokes;
 Hypnus is so retiring shy and coy,
 He swears he'll not be called my darling boy:
 Secundus feeds his well gorged arse with cream,
 And to the dregs he drains each amorous stream;
 The pathic Dindymus affects disgust
 For Sodom and Gomorrha's manly lust:
 Modest Amphion blushes when I toy—
 Nature was mad to make so shy a boy.
 For all their faults and their annoying ways
 With darling Ganymedes I'd pass my days,¹
 Rather than lead a sumptuous tinselled life
 With twenty million dollars and a wife.

(1) Upon this epigram there is great diversity of opinion. Calderini thinks that Polytimus was meditating marriage from motives of avarice solely to possess the rich dowry of his intended. Calderini would thus make Polytimus mention the defects of his favourites, and would treat "Festinat Polytimus ad puellas" as the opening verse, then lines 2—5 he puts in the mouth of Polytimus, and the remainder of the epigram is Martial's rejoinder. Such complication without any clue to guide the reader is unworthy of the genius of Martial, and carries its own refutation with it. The view of Calderini would have been more tolerable if instead of inserting the imaginary speech of Polytimus, he

had left the whole in Martial's mouth, and explained as follows. The ostensible reason for his marriage which Polytinus gives to the world is, that he is tired of boys. Martial pretends to take him at his word, and enumerates the defects of each favourite "giton," and he boldly declares that though none are faultless, they are far better than a wife with untold gold. Our objection is, that the transition from "*Festinat Polytinus ad puellas*" to the next line, Polytinus being Martial's equal in years and position, and the second line referring to "gitons," is quite impossible. Polytinus would seem, it is true, to be more naturally the name of a grandee, but tradition is in favour of the view we have taken, which entitles this epigram "*ad pueros*" to his (*i.e.* Martial's) favourites." If Calderini's view were correct, it would be "*ad Polytinum de pueris*." And though tradition is not conclusive, it is entitled to some weight, and we think here that it conveys the true meaning. Martial grumbles and gets annoyed by his Ganymedes from time to time. They are sulky and affect shyness or the sphincter ani (as in the case of Secundus) gets relaxed, yet in his philosophical moments, Martial confesses that these annoyances are far preferable to the cursedness of married life however gilded the pill.

(2) *i.e.* says he will not be sodomised.

(3) "Fed on acorns." An acorn is used in our days in an obscene sense to signify a penis with the prepuce drawn down nearly below the corona glandis. The Latin word is used for a penis generally. It is thought that as acorns were considered to fatten pigs by the ancients, an allusion is made to the fact that the buttocks of Secundus were too fat, but the grand idea is evidently that they were wont too frequently to quaff the juice supplied by the penis of lovers, and feed on that. The Greek *Baλavos* has the same double meaning as the Latin glans.

(4) That is Dindymus is lewd and lascivious, but he affects to be modest, and wants a great deal of pressing.

(⁵) I do not think this refers to Amphion's girlish appearance, for this could not be considered a cause of complaint. Looking therefore to the idea that runs through the whole epigram, it most probably means "he is as coy as a girl."

LXXXV. TO FABULLUS.

Paediconibus os olere dicis.
Hoc si, sicut ais, Fabulle, verum est,
Quid tu credis olere cunnilingis?

You say pederasts have foul breath; if this be so,
Fabullus, as you assert, How do you think the breath of a
gamahucher smells?

Fabullus says that he can tell
Gomorrha's followers by the smell
Their very breathings reek of;
If that be so, what odour then,
Pervades the lips of certain men,
Who tongue what men should never even speak of?

Fabullus was of course a gamahucher. The same idea is contained in Book XI. Epigram xxx, which see, and our notes thereon.

LXXXVI. TO A MAN WHOSE PENIS DID NOT STAND.

Triginta tibi sunt pueri totidemque puellae:
Una est, nec surgit mentula. Quid facies?

You have thirty boys and thirty girls: you have one prick and it does not stand: what will¹ you do?

Of thirty boys you own a rosy crew,
 And thirty blooming girls to rove among,
 But still you're but one man, what will you do,
 For Cupid's bow for ever hangs unstrung?
 Why do as other boasters do,
 And use your tongue.

(¹) An euphemism for "you will gamahuche." Compare Book XI. Epigram xxv, and the notes. The idea is precisely similar.

XCV. TO RUFUS.

Musaei pathicissimos libellos,
 Qui certant Sybariticis libellis,
 Et tinctas sale pruriente chartas
 Instanti lege Rufe; sed puella
 Sit tecum tua, ne talassionem
 Indicas manibus libidinosi
 Et fias sine femina maritus.

Read, Instantius Rufus, the most lewd volumes of Musaeus¹ which vie with those of Hemitheon the Sybarite,² and his pages steeped in pruriency;³ but let your chère amie be at your side lest you sing to Hymen⁴ a song of masturbation, and perform the duty of a husband without a bride.

Read the lewd books Musaeus may beget,
 That vie the Sybarite's lecherous pages ; read
 Those sparkling gems of wit in prurience set ;
 Read them, Instantius Rufus, but take heed
 That in your arms your sweetheart you enclasp,
 Lest by imagination's flight betrayed,
 You fancy woman in your wanton grasp
 And act the marriage rite without her aid.

(¹) Musaeus is quite unknown to us. He must not be confounded with the Musaeus who wrote the poem of Hero and Leander.

(²) Lit. "the Sybaritic books" For the information that these were written by Hemitheon we are indebted to Lucian.

(³) *i. e.* books that would have an aphrodisiac effect.

(⁴) My translation may perhaps appear rather bold, but it closely follows the original. Literally, "lest you proclaim the marriage song with your lewd hands." Talassio is the hymn "Hymen O Hymenae," thus proclaiming the marriage song comes to be a metaphor for the various dallies that precede the consummation of the marriage, and hence also the actual movement of the penis within the folds of the generative organs of the female, which induces spending, the strict consummation of matrimony. Hence these last two lines simply mean, "lest you masturbate and spend."

XCVI. TO A JEALOUS WIFE.

Cum tibi nota tui sit vita fidesque mariti,
 Nec premat ulla tuos sollicitetve toros,
 Quid quasi pellicibus torqueris inepta ministris,
 In quibus et brevis est et fugitiva Venus ?

Plus tibi quam domino pueros praestare probabo :
 Hi faciunt, ut sis femina sola viro.
 Hi dant quod non vis uxor dare. "Do tamen," inquis,
 "Ne vaga a thalamis coniugis erret amor."
 Non eadem res est : Chiam volo, nolo mariscam.
 Ne dubites quae sit Chia, marisca tua est.
 Scire suos fines matrona et femina debet :
 Cede sua pueris, utere parte tua.

Since your husband's mode of life and his fidelity are known to you, and no woman usurps¹ your rights; why are you so foolish as to be annoyed by his boys, (as if they were his mistresses), with whom love is a transient and fleeting affair? I will prove to you that you gain more by the boys than your lord: they make your husband keep to one woman. They give what a wife will not give. I² grant that favour, say you, sooner than that my husband's love should wander from my bed. It is not the same thing: I want the fig of Chios,³ not a flavourless fig; and this Chian fig in you is flavourless. A woman of sense⁴ and a wife ought to know her place. Let the boys have what concerns⁵ them, and confine yourself to what concerns you.

Since you're aware how faithful is my life,
 And you alone my loving harvest reap,
 Why about boys become a jealous wife,
 As if they held the status of a Keep?
 With them love's transient, and I will prove
 Boys benefit you more than e'en your lord.
 They to one woman bind your husband's love,
 And boys throw open what a wife will hoard.
 "Here it is," say you, and then expose
 The bait, your spouse's wanderings to dock;
 It's not the same; the luscious medlar grows
 Worthless when grafted on an unfit stock,

Allow my rosy boys their share, and know
 It's not for your insipid fruit I burn;
 A wife should learn her proper place, and shew
 Her sense in minding but her own concern.

(¹) *i. e.* Your husband has no other woman.

(²) *i. e.* Sodomy.

(³) This pun is quite untranslatable. It is the old pun of "figs" and "piles," but far more intricate. See Epigram xxxii of this book. The name for medlar among the English vulgar is "open arse."

The idea conveyed by this epigram is obvious enough, Sodomy with a boy, and sodomy with a woman are two different things. The former is much more luscious. This "fig of Chios," (*i. e.* arse) in a boy, becomes in you an insipid, flavourless "marisca," (*i. e.*, the most inferior kind of fig).

(⁴) Matrona, "a woman of sense." For this version I am indebted to Simon.

(⁵) That is, let boys be sodomised, do you be content with having connection "au naturel."

XCVII. TO BASSUS.¹

Uxor cum tibi sit puella, qualem
 Votis vix petat improbis maritus,
 Dives, nobilis, erudita, casta,
 Rumpis, Basse, latus, sed in comatis,
 Uxoris tibi dote quos parasti.
 Et sic ad dominam reversa languet
 Multis mentula milibus redempta;
 Quae nec vocibus excitata blandis,

Molli pollice nec rogata surgit.
Sit tandem pudor, aut eamus in ius.
Non est haec tua, Basse : vendidisti.

While you have a wife, such as a lover hardly dare hope for in his wildest² prayers, rich, well born, learned, chaste, you spend your energies, Bassus, on boys whom you have procured with your wife's dowry ; and thus does that penis, purchased for so many thousands, return tired to its mistress,³ nor when she rouses it by soft accents of love, and delicate fingers, does it stand. Have some sense of shame, or let us go into court.⁴ This penis is not yours, Bassus : you have sold it.

Learned, chaste, well born and fair,
Bassus, is your wedded bride,
Surpassing far the wildest prayer
Ever breathed in youthful pride.
Yet with boys you waste your power,
Careless of marital vows,
Pleasures purchased by the dower
Which you married with your spouse.
On your return your mistress greets,
Drooping, limp, to Venus cold,
That limb whose size and wanton feats
Made it worth the lady's gold.
Tenderly her taper fingers
O'er your manly beauties rove,
And her gentle pressure lingers
O'er that noble source of love.
With honey'd words and witching smiles,
Essaying all that woman knows,
Dead to her endearing wiles,
Not an inch the sluggard grows.
Give your lady some diversion,
Lest an action should be brought

For your impudent conversion
Of the chattel that she bought.

(1) The meaning of this epigram is plain enough. Basus had probably run through his money with boys, and was fortunate enough to get a rich pretty girl to marry him. However, he does not give up his sodomitical tastes, but more than that, he goes in so extensively for his favourite amusements, that he cannot or will not perform the duties of married life. His wife upbraids him with this, "I have married you," says she, "and enriched you, a mere pauper, with a handsome fortune, I am not therefore your plaything, whom you can treat as you please, and cheat out of my rights, by taking my money and spending it on boys."

(2) Latin, "*improbis*," which perhaps is expressed more correctly in English by "unconscionable," French, "*exigeant*." Here it means a husband who is most extravagant in his notions of what a wife ought to be.

(3) Read "*Quae nec vocibus*." The common reading is "*Sed nec*."

(4) These are the words of the wife threatening to be divorced from her faithless husband. We think there is a double meaning here, that is your wife will get divorced and so you will lose her dowry, but more than that, you will have an action brought against you in *trover*, for your prick was fairly bought and sold. Some curious national customs are quoted in Acton's treatise on the reproductive organs, shewing that in some countries, the wife could compel the husband to have connection with her once a week, and on default, summon him before the magistrates.

BOOK XIV.

LXXIV. A CROW.

Corve salutator, quare fellator habetis ?
In caput intravit mentula nulla tuum.

Oh¹ courteous crow, why are you considered a gamahucher ?² No penis enters your mouth.

Why did the Romans charge you with "minette"
And say such vile amusement was your wont ?
Had they once heard 'twas *carrion* that you ate,
And then obtained a glimpse of Lesbia's cunt ?

(¹) Latin, "salutator," possibly an allusion to the crows which were taught to say, the one, "Ave Caesar Victor Imperator," the other, "Ave Antoni Victor Imperator" to salute the conqueror (whichever it might be) on his return from the anticipated decisive battle, which took place as we all know at Actium.

(²) Crows were believed by the vulgar to copulate with their mouths, the beak of the female being inserted in that of the male. (See Pliny X. ch. xii.) This insertion of the

beak must not be understood as a mere kiss like that of doves: it was positively believed that the generative seed was emitted through the throat of the male into the mouth of the female, and that she was impregnated in this way. Hence these birds were called *gamahuchers*. This notion must have been prevalent in England in Shakespeare's time, for we find these lines in his poem on *Chester's Love's Martyr*, published 1601.

"And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go."

So the commentators: but we confess that we think this meaning is very tame, it only receives its justification as a satire on the foolish belief of the vulgar. An ingenious friend however, who is a good antiquarian, has suggested an interpretation (which we have followed in our metrical version) but which we must honestly confess we believe there is no other authority for. The hint was given him by a gem, representing a crow pecking at the generative organs of a woman with an inscription to the effect that it takes a good deal of carrion to kill a crow. We have ourselves lately seen the gem, but cannot feel quite satisfied that it is not a modern production.

CCIII. A GIRL OF CADIZ.⁽¹⁾

Tam tremulum crissat, tam blandum prurit, ut ipsum
Masturbatorem fecerit Hippolytum.

She waves her loins and hips with such quivering movements,² she is so sweetly lewd, that she would make Hippolytus himself a masturbator.³

With quivering frame she waves her loins and thighs,
 She smiles so sweetly with her soft lewd eyes :
 She'd make the chastest man in these broad lands
 Sit down and frig himself with both his hands.

(1) Slave vendors brought dancing girls round for sale. The most celebrated came from Baetica of which Gades (Cadiz) was the capital Town. This Epigram has been beautifully rendered into Greek.

Ἵγρὸν κινυμένην σκιρτώσανθ' ἡδύ μιν αὐτός
 Δεύσσων Ἰππόλυτος χειροτριβῆσ γένετο.

(2) "Crisso," to move the loins and thighs lasciviously, "turpiter et libidinose lumbis et femoribus fluctuare," Forcellini. s.v. The metaphor is taken from the billows of the sea. Lucilius compares the movements of the loins and hips of an active woman in copulation, to a winnowing fan, "Crissatura, ut si frumentum clunibu' vannat," Greek *κιγκλιζομαι* which means to move the hips as the *κιγκλος* does his tail. This bird was the wag tail or water ousel. We learn from Galen that in consequence of this the bird was called *σεισοπυγίς*, Anglice, shake-arse.

(3) *i. e.* Make the chastest of mortals commit a heinous sin against chastity. So the commentators. We believe that more than this is contained in our poet's words, and prefer to understand it thus—However chaste the man might be, he could not even wait till he had got a woman or a boy, but would be unable to keep his hands off his penis.





